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McKean County Miner.

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ARE YOU COMING TO THE FAIR AND RACES THIS FALL?

If You Don't You Will Miss the Time of Your Life.

FAST RACING AND GREAT SPORT.

Entries Have Already Commenced to Come in—Great Racing Events Promised—Exhibits Will be Large and Attractive.

The only thing now that can prevent the McKean County Fair and Races, September 17, 18, 19 and 20, being the most successful ever held in this county is bad weather. Everything is practically in readiness now for the big fair and races. The horse stables have been properly repaired, the cattle and sheep sheds put in readiness, the grand stand and other buildings have received the necessary attention and now everybody is praying for fair weather.

The races are sure to be far ahead of the two previous years. The enlarged purses are attracting good horses of the harness class and the runners will be unusually numerous. Already entries have been booked and more are coming in every day. It is very unusual for horsemen to make their entries so early and this fact shows conclusively that they desire to be in Smethport with the crowd. From present indications there will be between fifteen and twenty runners here to contest for the big purses and the best sport ever had here is the natural consequence.

The Kishizima Troupe of Japanese Acrobats will be the free attraction between the heats. This troupe is one of the best in this country and to see them is well worth the price of admission.

From all over the county come reports of people who are preparing something to exhibit at the fair. Some are farming and breeding horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, while others are getting farm products in the best condition possible for some of the contests. The women are busy with fancy articles, needlework and the like, so it is surely certain that no department will be lacking.

Do not fail to come and see the many good things and boost this worthy enterprise.

The Travelers' Club Meets.

The leading social event engaging the attention of the ladies Wednesday afternoon, was the Calender Tea given the members of the Travelers' Club by the newly elected president, Mrs. T. A. Morrison, at her pleasant home on Main St.

After a period of social conversation the hostess served delicious refreshments. The new calendars for the coming year which were then distributed, gave evidence of the painstaking efforts of the program committee, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth, Mrs. J. S. Walker and Miss Lois Young.

The regular routine of business was next disposed of.

Through the efforts of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, the Legislature has voted a special appropriation of $25,000 to establish a Department of Domestic Economy in State College, where girls may be taught scientific housekeeping and trained to teach domestic science or to fill honorable and remunerative positions.

The local club voted to give the sum of $5 toward raising a scholarship to maintain a student there the coming year.

After the business meeting the ladies adjourned to begin the work of the new year, Oct. 5, feeling sincerely grateful to their new president for the delightful afternoon.

Cain-Murphy Nuptials.

Mr. Oscar H. Cain of this place and Miss Mary Julia, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Murphy of Canaseraga, N. Y., were united in marriage at St. Mary's church in Canaseraga, at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, August 26, 1907, by Rev. John Ryan in the presence of the near relatives and a few close friends of the bride and groom. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of the bride where the nuptial breakfast was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Cain departed that day for a honeymoon trip of a few days, including Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

The bride is a popular young lady of Canaseraga, and has visited friends in this place, where she made many friends. Mr. Cain is the popular station agent of the P., S. & N. R. R. at this place and in the year that he has held this position he has made a host of friends who wish them a long life of happiness.

They will return to Smethport where they will make their home. Temporarily they will reside at the Wright House.

Death of Mrs. Elida Goodsell.

On Friday last the sad tidings reached Smethport of the death of Mrs. Elida Goodsell, daughter of Mrs. C. D. Comes of this place, which occurred at the Sisters' Hospital at Buffalo, at about noon of the above day. She was the wife of Olin H. Goodsell now a prominent merchant of Salamanca and for several years a resident of Smethport. Mrs. Goodsell whose maiden name was Elida Burnham had passed a large share of her life as a resident of Smethport and vicinity, and was highly esteemed by a large number of friends and acquaintances, to whom the news of her sudden death came as a cruel blow, as no warning was given that her ailment and subsequent operations were liable to result fatally.

Elida Burnham was born in Midland county, Michigan, May 27, 1856. When but a young girl she came to this county, and later was a resident of East Smethport for a number of years. She became a very skillful milliner, and at different times had charge of the trimming department of millinery stores in Smethport and neighboring towns. On Sept. 1, 1901, she was united in marriage to Olin H. Goodsell of Salamanca and resided in that town until her death.

Mrs. Goodsell was a woman of charming personality. To the many talents usually associated with the artistic woman were added the graces of a handsome appearance; the carefree wholesome, laughing disposition, which wins and holds the love of friends and helps them over doleful periods in life's journey; a loyalty to those whom she favored with her regard and a warmhearted generosity that was marked in many a kind act of charity accomplished with a self-sacrificing spirit, rare indeed in this work-a-day world. All those who knew her will miss her more than mere words can tell.

From an account of her death in the Salamanca Republican Press the following is taken: "Mrs. Goodsell was a daughter of Mrs. C. D. Comes of Smethport and came here shortly after her marriage six years ago. She quite freely and took an active part in social events. For several months she had not been enjoying good health, but her condition was not regarded as serious and even when she went to Buffalo a week ago Tuesday it was hoped that a simple operation would restore her to health and strength. Dr. Meyer, of Buffalo, who took charge of the case, found however that she was suffering from several grave complications, and was obliged to perform five distinct operations. Mrs. Goodsell withstood the severe test with remarkable strength considering her long illness, and when day after day passed with continued improvements hope was strong among her friends that she was on the road to recovery. It was not until Thursday morning that a change for the worse came. Tetanus developed, and from that time the doctors held out no hope. Mr. Goodsell was immediately summoned to her bedside, and left for Buffalo Tuesday afternoon, accompanied by Dr. J. A. Taggart. Friday morning reports from the hospital stated that there was practically no chance for her recovery, but her friends here still hoped against hope. The news that the end had come cast a deep gloom over the community."

Mrs. Comes went to Buffalo on Tuesday of last week and was at her daughters bedside when death occurred.

The remains were brought to Smethport Saturday noon and the funeral services held at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon. Rev. J. B. McCandless officiated, assisted by Rev. W. A. Harris, of this borough, Rev. G. C. Rafter, of Salamanca, and the Rev. Mr. Rafter, Sr., of Cheyenne, Wyo. The services were largely attended and a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends followed the remains to their final resting place in Rose Hill cemetery. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

Mr. Goodsell was a member of the Eastern Star and I. O. O. F. M. lodges, and the Coterie of Salamanca.

School Announcements.

School will open Monday, Sept. 2. The fifth and sixth grades will occupy the new annex.

All who desire to take special examinations in any work will notify the principal on or before Thursday, Aug. 29, and will present themselves on Friday, Aug. 30 to take the examinations. Pupils who enter from other schools will do well to bring reports and secure entrance cards from principal during week before school begins. Office hours 1 to 3 p. m.

Parents will remember that it is essential that children begin school on the first day, Monday, Sept. 2, so that they may get a good start in their work.

Only those children who will be six years old before January 1, 1908, will be allowed to enter school this fall.

T. T. ALLEN, Principal.

For a Wedding Present.

What could please them better than a beautiful piece of Hand Decorated china. I have just received an exceptionally fine assortment of thin elegant ware, which must be seen to be appreciated. Before purchasing call at my home and see this artistic line. It is a pleasure to show them whether you wish to buy or not.

Mollie E. Pierce.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Brown—At his residence in Olean, on Saturday, January 9, 1887, of typhoid fever, Mr. M. F. Brown, in the 58th year of his age.

A more malignant case of typhoid fever has seldom been known in this section of country. Ten days before his death Mr. Brown was attending to his business, as well apparently, as ever. His death was a terrible blow to his wife (who is a sister of Mrs. S. A. Backus and Mrs. L. Rogers of this place) and daughter, Mrs. Ives of Ithaca, and to his two sons, Will and Mark. They have the deepest sympathy of a large circle of relatives and friends. The remains of the deceased were taken to Ithaca on Monday, for burial.

The many friends of Rev. S. D. Morris in this section were shocked on Tuesday, January 25, 1887, to learn that he had died at the residence of his son, Dr. Morris in Olean that morning. While it was quite generally known that this aged resident had suffered a shock of paralysis some weeks ago, our people were hardly prepared for the news of his demise. At one time Mr. Morris most acceptably filled the Baptist pulpit in this place, and by his kindness of heart and simple Christian ways gained hosts of friends. The last public appearance he made before a Smethport audience was on the occasion of the unveiling of the Soldiers Monument last June, when he made almost touching and eloquent prayer from the grand stand near monument. The funeral was held at the Baptist church in Olean, Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

McCarty—At the residence of his parents in Keating township, on Monday, Jan. 24, 1887, of consumption, Jennie, son of Mr. and Mrs. McCarty, in the twenty-first year of his age.

The deceased was a promising young man and was a favorite of all who enjoyed his acquaintance. For the past year he has been suffering from that terrible disease to which he finally succumbed. The funeral services were held in St. Elizabeth's church on Wednesday conducted by Father Gallighan, and were attended by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery.

Saturday evening, Jan. 29, 1887, as Mrs. Elizabeth C. Barret, of this place, was engaged in feeding some chickens she slipped and fell breaking her limb at the hip joint. After she fell she lay on the ground for several minutes, until Clarence Moses happened along, and carried the aged sufferer into the house and notified the neighbors about the accident. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but the limb being broken in such a manner, and was in such a swollen state, that it was thought prudent not to attempt to set it, and up to this writing the fracture has not been adjusted. Considering Mrs. Barrett's advanced years (she being nearly seventy-six years of age) the accident is a very serious one, which undoubtedly will leave her an invalid for the balance of her life. The sympathy of this entire community goes out towards this aged and respected lady in her terrible affliction.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Evans, of this place are justly happy over the arrival at their residence last week of a bouncing boy baby. (Jan. 1887.)

On Saturday morning January 29, 1887, N. C. Gallup and J. O. Dennison, of Norwich township, were engaged in breaking logs from a high bank below the bridge in front of the house, where they had been unloaded from the sleighs, so they would float further down stream. Mr. Dennison was standing with one foot on a log trying to loosen another, when the logs started, so suddenly that he could not recover himself, and was carried down into the water with them. Mr. Gallup ran around the end of the jam to assist his companion. Seizing hold of him he raised him from the water, but lost his grip, and Dennison went under again. This temporary relief, no doubt, saved his life by enabling him to get out of this critical position himself. All this time the logs were tumbling and rolling in all shapes, and presently one came down end-ways, struck Mr. Gallup on the left leg below the knee and badly shattered the bones of the same. In the meantime Mr. Dennison succeeded in getting out of the water, and being able to handle a lever after his cold, and almost fatal bath he plied it with a will, and had the satisfaction of soon releasing the injured man. Dr. Freeman, of this place, was telephoned for, who responded to the summons. After taking two or three pieces of the bone out, the doctor put the broken leg in as good shape as possible. Truly these men's escape from a horrible death was most miraculous.

We have no doubt that the many friends of Rev. F. H. Gates and wife in this section will be pleased to hear of the arrival at their home in Macedon, N. Y., on December 18, 1886, of a beautiful girl baby, weighing 6½ pounds. The little visitor is the pride of a happy household.

A mere glimpse at the "Midway," of the McKean County Fair and Races.
Don't forget the dates—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 17, 18, 19 and 20.

Arrested on Serious Charge.

Mrs. Mary Gibbs, of Dundee, N. Y., was arrested in Port Allegany, Saturday, on a charge of stealing a quantity of house furnishings in the former place.

Constable E. W. Jones gave the MINER the following account of the case: Mrs. Gibbs rented rooms and lived in part of a house in Dundee. In another part of the house various articles belonging to a man named Black were stored. It is claimed that Mrs. Gibbs appropriated most of these furnishings and shipped them to Port Allegany, where her daughter resides in rooms in the Snyder block.

Then, it is further alleged, she set fire to the house in Dundee to cover up the theft, and incidentally to enable her to collect an insurance of $300, which she had on her furniture. The fire was extinguished before it reached that part of the house where Mr. Black's goods were supposed to be stored, and later investigation showed that his property was missing. In the meantime Mrs. Gibbs went to Port Allegany, and Mr. Black soon followed and obtaining a search warrant, with Constable Smartt of that borough, made a search of the daughter's rooms, but none of the missing property was revealed.

About half an hour after the officer left the house he was notified that Mrs. Gibbs was burning a lot of stuff in the rear of her daughter's house and he quickly visited the spot. He found the woman endeavoring to burn carpets, rugs, draperies, etc., which were identified as Black's property. A further search of the house brought to light missing silverware, bric-a-brac, etc.

Black obtained a warrant for the woman's arrest, and in company with the sheriff of Yates county, N. Y., returned to Port Allegany Saturday. It was then discovered that Mrs. Gibbs had left for Smethport. Officers at once started for this place and Constable Jones was notified by phone to find and detain the culprit.

He made inquiries about town, found that Mrs. Gibbs had made arrangements to go to work within a short time at a hotel in this place and then had started back to Port Allegany. Mr. Jones telephoned this information to the latter town and the woman was finally arrested. She returned with the sheriff to New York state without question papers.

Judging from all reports Mrs. Gibbs is a bad actress.

A Carnival of Crime.

Emporium has suffered greatly in the past few months from an epidemic of crime, ranging from ordinary assault and battery to murder, and the law-abiding citizens of that town have just about arrived at the point where most drastic measures are liable to be taken. The number of assaults on young ladies and girls within the past few weeks have made it extremely dangerous for a woman to be about after nightfall in certain parts of the town. There seems to be no question but that if one of these miscreants is captured and identified he will be very roughly handled—lucky, indeed, if he reaches jail alive.

The Emporium Independent in a long article on the situation says: The town is full with foreigners and while no one objects to lawabiding foreign residents, it is too true that many of these imported citizens are every thing but lawabiding but on the contrary are a soulless, bloodthirsty set of cutthroats that must be taught that their's is not the American way. We hope that every good citizen may be on the alert that the town may be free from the scum that makes life dangerous and jeopardizes the safety of every lady that steps into the darkness of night.

Wanted.

Boys to work in bottle factory. To those first making applications preference will be given; must be upward of 14 years of age. Factory is equipped with electric fans and all modern conveniences. Ten months work for steady boys at good wages. Work starts on Tuesday, September 3. All day work. Apply at office of Bonney-Bond Glass Co., Smethport, Pa.

Excursion to The Great Toronto Fair.

Via B. R. & P. Ry. Sept. 3rd. Special trains leave Newton, 8.30 A. M. Round trip tickets, good five days, also for stop over at Niagara Falls, only $3.00

Increase Your Earning Power.

There are thousands of young farmers in Pennsylvania who are trying to find the best way of handling live stock and land. They are waiting to learn. The wisest of these men are watching the methods of successful farmers in their neighborhoods. That is a good thing to do. In addition to these observations and their own experience they want to know the principles that control in the development of animals and of plants. When they have the principles there is less guess-work and there are fewer mistakes and failures. We have in this country tens of thousands of very successful farmers who say that they owe part of their success to the teaching of practical scientists who discovered facts that had a big cash value when carried into the field and orchard and stable.

The best way to get facts is by listening to the man who has the facts. When one can be with a man, questioning him and talking with him the true value of his facts is learned.

Our agricultural colleges have devoted much time to giving young men a full college course. That is all right but the agricultural college receives all the money that the state appropriates for agricultural education and it owes a duty to the young farmers out of every hundred who do not want to devote four years to college studies. It must help all who want help. A few years ago some of our western agricultural colleges solved this problem. They established winter courses of study for busy young men. The scheme was to invite these men to spend twelve weeks at the agricultural college listening to lectures on practical farm subjects. No entrance examinations should be required and the twelve weeks should be devoted to a study of things that puzzle a man in his handling of land, plants, live stock and dairy products. The young men came to these colleges in great number and these winter courses have become immensely popular.

Last winter the Legislature gave funds to the School of Agriculture of The Pennsylvania State College to render this practical service to the young men of Pennsylvania. The reorganization of the School by the new Dean, Dr. Thomas F. Hunt, formerly of Cornell, brought in some of the most practical, helpful scientists of the states, and they became a part of the force of instructors in the five winter courses in agriculture. These courses begin December 3rd and continue to February 28th. Any man in the state may enter any of these courses and he does so without any examination. If he is wanting facts that will help him to understand his life work he is welcome. The five courses deal with plant agriculture, horticulture, dairy husbandry, poultry and creamery. Every reader who is interested should address "Alva Agee, State College, Pa.," for further information. Send postal asking for details.

Snake Story from Warren.

The presence of a live weasel in the interior anatomy of a five foot rattlesnake probably saved the life of John Gelts, a pumper in the Shamburg field. A few days ago while Mr. Gelts was at work about his lease, he discovered a five-foot rattler within a foot of his shoe. The snake had failed to give the customary warning rattle. He appeared to be in a sort of stupor and Mr. Gelts had no difficulty in despatching him. He took the reptile's body home, and stroghed it out in front of the entrance to his house. A couple of hours afterwards his attention was attracted by a movement in the snake's body. He cut it open and out jumped a live weasel. But for the torpid condition resulting from having swallowed the little creature, Mr. Gelts feels confident that the snake would have bitten him. Last Saturday afternoon while Gelts was employed in the derrick of his lease, his dog, which was on the ground below, uttered a cry of pain. It had been bitten by a rattler, and five minutes later was dead.—Warren Mirror.

Rooms and Board.

Furnished and unfurnished rooms and table board. First class meals at $1.00 per day. All callers on cordially welcomed.

No. 203 Water St.,
Smethport, Pa.

The Merry Opera of "The Toymakers."

Every one has read the story of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" written by Charles Felton Pidgin the Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics. It had an immense circulation and was dramatized and played all over the country. "The Toymakers" is the latest book written by Mr. Pidgin and he has also written the play which has been set to music and in twenty-six lyrical numbers makes it a delicious musical comedy full of fun and frolic. At last we have something new and clever that really amuses the public and keeps an audience in a gale of laughter from beginning to end. It is said to be the best combination of bright dialogue, comical situations and good music seen on the stage for years.

A village toyshop and England furnishes a rich back ground for this unique story of the development that was brought to life by eccentric and performed the wonderful feats that astound and delight the villagers and also the audience. There is every opportunity here for a rich set and Mr. Pidgin has lived up to its reputation. The fine company of singers, dancers, "The Jollities" will give the jolly opera at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday Oct. 5, for one night only and they carry their own scenic and artistic costumes designed for "The Toymakers," especially. Two Boston composers Charles D. Blake and John A. Hamm wrote the catchy music, entirely new and original. Those who have read the book have a rich treat in store and everyone will soon be singing these bright melodies.

Wild Pigeon.

There is no longer any question as to the presence of a number of wild pigeons in this vicinity, a number having been seen by parties who are fully competant to pass upon their identity.

As a result of the distruction of the beech timber there will never again be the "shack" necessary to feed the large number which formerly visited this section, nesting here and rearing their young, but there yet remains a few of these handsome birds, and this is better than if they had been exterminated, as has been thought.

There is a penalty of $25.00 for shooting, or in any way killing, or in fact having a wild pigeon in one's possession for a period of something like eight years from this date. This should give the remnant a chance to breed up and reestablish themselves, and it is hoped they succeed in so doing.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Reduced Rates to Saratoga Springs Account G. A. R. Encampment.

For the National Encampment Grand Army of the Republic at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., September 9 to 14, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Saratoga Springs from all stations on its lines September 7 to 9, inclusive, good returning to leave Saratoga Springs September 9 to 12, at reduced rates. Stop-over at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington will be granted on tickets reading via these cities. Tickets via N. Y. will be honored by Hudson river boat lines between New York and Albany or Troy.

By deposit of ticket with special agent at Saratoga Springs and the payment of $1.00 an extension of the return limit to October 6 may be obtained.

For full information regarding stop-overs, rates of fare, conditions of tickets, and train service consult Ticket Agents.

Grange Picnic.

The McKean Co. Grange will hold its 10th annual basket picnic in the grove at Corydon Wednesday, Sept. 4. Reduced rates on the P., S. & N. R. R. Good speakers have been secured also base ball, swinging, rowing etc.

Chadwicks full orchestra will furnish music, free to all, everybody come.

James Quirk, Secy.
Smethport, Pa.

Week Day Excursion to Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Tuesday, Sept. 3rd, via B. R. & P. Ry. Special train leaves Newton 8.30 A. M. and returning, leaves Niagara Falls 7.00 P. M. and Buffalo Wednesday, Sept. 4th. Round trip fare $1.50.

I will be prepared to give Facial Message by a Hydro Vacu at my residence after Aug. 28. ALBERTA STURDEVANT.

Young's bargain sale is still on.

Mox's Vacation

By HELEN HEDGES.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Vardon stopped across the street and turned to smile at the grim old pile. For fifteen whole days he would not enter those dull offices on the seventh floor. For two weeks and a day he was to be care-free—free to loaf, to invite his soul and to see Bess Curtain. The last was the best part of it, for Bess had gone to the country at the first sign of hot weather, and he had not seen her in weeks.

Up at the house there was a case of fishing rods, and already he could see the brook, with its green clad banks, and Bess, sitting on a fallen tree, watching his luck. He raised his hat ironically to the office building and turned down the street.

At the corner the newsboys made a dash for him, but Vardon waved them aside. "Extra!" Mox's vacation, he reminded, scathingly, would be the day former from work he brought his eyeglasses.

Mox, at home, explained Mox's [illegible] the street, drive [illegible] engine boat him, etc.

Vardon's face changed [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] Mox had [illegible] him. He [illegible]

Vardon [illegible] paper and [illegible] a flag at his [illegible] to see the mildest [illegible] and worried.

"Mox [illegible] would come. I see that. He wants to say [illegible] before you want [illegible] country. He's in the emergency."

Vardon [illegible] a dime from the messenger and hurried on. There would be time to stop at the Emergency hospital on the way uptown. For more than a year "Limpy Mox" had been on the corner, [illegible] shine, to hand [illegible] evening paper and a greeting, [illegible] friendship had grown [illegible] the two would only take [illegible] minutes. Vardon knew only the [illegible] at the hospital and [illegible] thought it were [illegible] visiting hour.

In a [illegible] who was [illegible] in one of the [illegible] to greet Dr. Tomlin, [illegible] into the stern white face.

"We had [illegible] he [illegible] ed the [illegible] crushed the [illegible] and [illegible]. It was [illegible] for the boy never was much [illegible] Now he can get an artificial [illegible] with better than he [illegible] to—this [illegible] he feels through the summer."

"I [illegible] can do that for him," laughed Vardon. "He's [illegible] of more than [illegible]

"But, [illegible] soul, we can't keep him," cried the [illegible] "My dear fellow, if we kept [illegible] nothing there until there were [illegible] we should have to [illegible] and [illegible] more ready cases. The boy must [illegible] moved to his home as soon as he can [illegible]

Vardon [illegible] tonight of the tenement [illegible] Mox had always been in the [illegible] surely [illegible] tions, she [illegible] to experiment [illegible] take [illegible]

Mox, [illegible] clutched [illegible] sunshine, and his hazy fingers [illegible] smiled hopefully. "I guess you'll [illegible] a good time," he smiled. "Goodby, [illegible] Vardon."

Vardon [illegible] and the [illegible] working [illegible] home [illegible]

It [illegible] out of [illegible] dition [illegible] ble, yet [illegible] author [illegible] room, [illegible] taxing [illegible] very [illegible] seem [illegible] heart [illegible] succe [illegible] year [illegible] He h[illegible] Curta[illegible] summ[illegible] It did [illegible]

"WE HAD TO TAKE THE LEG OFF," EXCLAIMED THE [illegible]

[illegible] office. The superintendent was interested, but helpless. Like the hospital, the demands were greater than their resources. He might send Mox away for two weeks with one of the fresh air parties. More than that he could not do—unless Vardon cared to raise a subscription. When Vardon turned away it was with a receipt for more than half his vacation money in his pocket. Mox's stay in the country until his leg was well was assured.

It was hard to have to write Bess that he was not coming. It was harder still to explain without seeming to ask her appreciation of his action. In the end he said nothing of the reasons, simply writing that unexpected developments made it impossible for him to come.

Mox's delight at the news of his vacation brought a feeling of warmth to Vardon's heart, but it did not relieve the ache when Bess' cold reply came. She had not understood and was angry that he should have changed his plans at the last moment.

Vardon spent his two weeks at a cheap resort near town and came back to take up the office grind again. Bess had not replied to his last letter, and though Mox's beaming face as he departed on the train for the country home repaid part of the sacrifice the dull ache remained.

The next few weeks dragged miserably. Then one morning there was a letter at his plate at the breakfast table that for a moment seemed to stop the action of his heart.

Bess was coming to town on Friday, and she suggested that they might lunch together and he could take her to a roof garden in the evening.

"I have a lot to tell you," she wrote. "I met one of your friends up here, and I want to tell you what he said. I shall save it for lunch."

Somehow the days dragged by, but Friday came at last. Sitting across the table from her Vardon could not realize his good fortune.

"I thought you were angry," he said as he leaned forward.

"I was," she admitted frankly. "I was counting so much on your visit. I had made no other plans for those two weeks, and when your letter came and you did not even offer an explanation of your rudeness I could not understand it. It seemed as though you wanted to hurt my feelings."

"Could you think that?" he cried reproachfully.

"I am afraid," she confessed shyly, "that in my disappointment I was not fair. Then your friend came, and it was all explained."

"Who was that?" he asked curiously. He did not remember having told any one of his real reason.

"A gentleman of the name of Solomon," she smiled. "Moxie Solomon, I believe it is."

"What is Mox doing in your part of the country?" he demanded, [illegible] stead that he was at Melrose."

"That is just below us. We drove [illegible] there one day [illegible] and Mox told his story."

Vardon moved [illegible] chair. He did not want to be praised [illegible] Bess.

"I suppose Mox got a lot of [illegible] nutes to [illegible] and after a [illegible]

"He was very truthful," she said, smiling softly. "He said that you were the best man he knew."

"And you think so too?" His voice trembled with eagerness. Bess nodded.

"Good enough—for a husband, [illegible] husband?"

"I think so, Dick," she whispered. "That's what I came to town to tell you—to make up for your lost vacation."

"Lost vacation!" he echoed. "Why, Mox's vacation was the most selfish thing I ever did since it won me you."

Betrayed by Clumsiness.

"We have to constantly keep on the lookout for people who, in order to get trade prices, pretend to be in the business," said the head of one of our wholesale wall paper houses. "They are not always easy to detect, either, for some are pretty well posted on the subject and are hard to trip up. But I caught one the other day. He claimed to be a paper hanger from the west, and he wanted something hung up in style at trade prices. He talked so knowingly about wall papers that I had about made up my mind to give him the discount, when a little thing happened that put me wise. He attempted to roll up again some paper he had spread out on the floor to examine. The way he did it was a revelation. He took hold of it and mauled it about as if he were kneading bread. I never saw anything less like the professional way of doing it. I gave him the discount all right, but up instead of down."—Exchange.

Finnish Honesty.

Russians all over Russia are glad to employ Finnish servants because they never steal, and nothing has to be locked up." I remember how once, when I went to the captain of a steamer which was carrying me to Stockholm, to find out when I could telegraph to Helsingfors for a valuable gold buckle I had left in the hotel, he replied: "There is no occasion to telegraph. Write to the hotel manager when you get to Stockholm, and he will send the buckle on to you. No one ever steals in Finland." I wrote as he directed, and the buckle followed me to England, where I received it soon after my arrival.—Mrs. Meakin's Russia.

A Fine Morning.

"Fine morning, your honor," affably remarked the man who had been arrested the night before for being drunk and disorderly.

"Yes, indeed," responded the justice, "quite a fine morning—in fact, a ten dollar fine morning."

Golden Measure.

"In Australia," bragged the native of that country, "you can pick up gold by the pint."

"It comes in quarts in America," retorted the quick witted nephew of Uncle Sam.—Pittsburg Post.

The kangaroo readily jumps from sixty to seventy feet. The highest recorded leap of a horse is thirty-seven feet.

DODGED THE ISSUE.

A Story About Lincoln and One of His Would Be Advisers.

The following story was told years ago by Mr. Dixon of Rhode Island, a Republican congressman of prominence in war days. It was when the war was still only half over and many people at the north felt that a more vigorous policy was demanded. There had been a meeting of prominent northern men, including governors of northern states. They passed resolutions that the campaign should be more aggressive and commissioned Mr. Dixon to call on Mr. Lincoln, tell him of the meeting and read to him a record of its conclusions. Mr. Dixon said that he undertook the task with a good deal of satisfaction and felt like a very large sized man when he went up to the White House one evening to deliver himself of his mission.

Mr. Lincoln listened without interruption to what Mr. Dixon had to say, a silence which added not a little to the impressiveness of the latter's eloquence. When Mr. Dixon was through Mr. Lincoln said to him: "Dixon, you are a good fellow, and I have always had a high opinion of you. It is needless for me to add that what comes from those who sent you here is all the more attractive. The governors of the northern states are the north. What they decide must be carried out. Still, in justice to myself, you must remember that Abraham Lincoln is the president of the United States. Anything that the president of the United States does, right or wrong, will be the act of Abraham Lincoln, and Abraham Lincoln will by the people be held responsible for the president's action. But I have a proposition to make to you: Go home and think the matter over. Come to me tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, and I will promise to do anything that you by that time determined upon as the right and proper thing to do. Good night."

Mr. Dixon left the White House feeling even larger than when he entered. It assured that the president put a higher value upon his ability than he himself supposed. Dismissing this pleasant thought, he consulted with himself as to what would be done when the responsibility fell on him to decide the policy of the president of the United States. Many suggestions occurred to him, but one after another was dismissed as for some reason out of the question. When a string finally broke he had not determined upon his course, upon the policy which he was to impose upon the president. He decided he would not go to the White House that morning. He did not go the next day or the next.

Indeed, the weeks went by before he saw the president. Then it was a [illegible] Mr. Dixon used to say in the [illegible] without attracting especial attention. But the long term of the president shook out, grabbed Dixon and shook him one night. "Dixon," said Mr. Lincoln, "I believe I told you on one occasion [illegible] about three weeks ago." Mr. Dixon said he did recall a conversation of something of the sort. "Where have you been all those weeks?" asked the president. "Here in Washington," said Mr. Dixon. "But to tell the truth, Mr. President, I have decided never to keep that appointment." "I thought you would not when I made it for you," was Mr. Lincoln's comment.

It makes a big difference when a man has the say, when the responsibility rests individually on him as to what he will do or refrain from doing.

The Eye of the Crook.

Now, you may or may not know it, but the confidence man of those attainments cultivates the control and expression of his features with as much [illegible] as does the professional beauty—this for the reason that he looks are among his most valuable assets. For the first stage in turning a trick, whether this be done in a Broadway hotel or a downtown office building, is for the operator to get a hold on the confidence of his victim by impressing him with his (the former's) frankness and honesty through the medium of his steady gaze, cheery smile and sincerity of expression in general. But "wise" people are not taken in by these things. Apart from all else, those who have had much to do with criminals—whether mugged or unmugged—will tell you that there is such a thing as the "crook eye," which invariably gives its owner away. It is, as I once heard a clever detective put it, "an eye behind the eye"—a something sinister peeping out from the bland and childlike gaze which the "con" turns on his prospective gull.—Josiah Flynt in Success Magazine.

The Feminine Touch.

"You can always detect the [illegible] note in the eternal feminine," said the observant bachelor. "There is just as much difference between the sexes as there was in that old era when the foxy Ulysses devised his trick to pick Achilles out from a bevy of Greek maidens. The other morning I was walking down Broadway to my office when I noticed a scrubwoman coming from her early task in one of the big buildings in the financial district. In her hand she carried a newspaper that she probably had picked out of one of the waste paper baskets. When she got in front of an excavation for a big building she stooped and picked up a piece of two inch plank about a foot and a half long. She stopped and wrapped the newspaper around that board and made a bundle as neat as a box of candy, and trudged along. A laboring man might or might not have carried that piece of board home, but he wouldn't have thought of making a package so neat that it gave no idea of its prosaic but useful contents."—New York Press.

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ELABORATE PROGRAM

Of Sports for Buffalo's Old Home Week.

MARATHON VICTOR IS TO RUN

Famous Indian, Tom Longboat, on the Track—Kid McCoy to Drive Racing Auto Against Time—Rowing, Canoe, Motor Boat and Launch Races, Trap Shooting, Lacrosse, Golf, Etc.

Visitors to Buffalo during Old Home Week, Sept. 1 to 7, who are sportively inclined, as well as local followers of sports and pastimes, will find plenty of entertainment, for on no previous occasion has this city had planned for its enjoyment such a program of sports on land and water as are designed for at least six of the seven days of the notable week. From the salute of the 100 guns at sunrise on Monday, Labor Day until the curtain is rung down on the program of festivity in the following Saturday night, with a chorus of bells and whistles in a unique farewell concert, there will be something doing for the sport-lover all the time. There will be something to interest the athlete, the wheelman, the tennis player, the oarsman, the yachtsman, the canoeist, the launch owner, the lacrosse and polo players, and, in fact, there will be few, if any, of the standard branches of out-door sport omitted from the week's program, so well has the management prepared to cater to a variety of tastes.

As may be anticipated, some of the most important sport numbers will come on Labor Day, a national holiday, and the day which will usher in Old Home Week, and, perhaps, it is just as well, as in the arrangement of the day's events there will be no paralleling similar sports on the schedule and there appears to be plenty of room for all on this day especially.

Big Athletic Bicycle-Auto Meet.

One of the big events of the week on the sport programme will be the athletic-bicycle meet at Kenilworth Park on Labor Day afternoon, opening at 2.30 o'clock. On this occasion, under the auspices of the Buffalo Athletic Association, a series of events of unusual interest will be run off. These will include the appearance of Tom Longboat, the famous Indian runner, who has been hailed as a successor of the great Deerfoot of other days, and who recently [illegible] and other parts [illegible] the memories of the old-time followers of athletics. Longboat, since his victory in the great Marathon road race at Boston last spring, and his numerous other exploits both in Canada and the United States, [illegible] who has almost universally been acclaimed the victor, has been a [illegible] athletic and the appearance of any noticeable thing around has always been the signal for a record-breaking crowd. The great spring Longboat, in a three-mile motor-paced race, at Kenilworth Park, defeated Buffalo's best runner, Frank Nehrlich, and there has been great eagerness to see the Indian again in competition in the city. This time Longboat, appreciating there is no local athlete who could hope to measure strides with him successfully, has agreed to meet a relay team of three of Buffalo's best runners, each man running a mile, and the red man running the three, without relief. Buffalo is rich in good men on the path and while none of Longboat's opponents singly could hope to beat him it is confidently expected that he will have to break records to remain in the lead against the trio.

Local and out-of-town and Canadian athletes and wheelmen will be invited to compete in the regular events, which promise to furnish opportunity for an abundance of sport. Among the athletic numbers, in addition to the runs and sprints, will be prizes for the hammer-throwers and shot-putters. Another feature of this meet will be the appearance of the former prize-fighter, Kid McCoy, now under his real name, Norman Selby, a prominent automobilist. McCoy has contracted to drive the E. R. Thomas Van Derbilt cup racing car in an exhibition against time. This run will give those who have not had an opportunity to witness the cup races on the Long Island boulevards an opportunity to see one of the big cars in action. Other features are being arranged for this meet. Handsome prizes will be offered.

On the Water on Labor Day.

On the water on Labor day the sportsmen will be busy. The Buffalo Association of Amateur Oarsmen, which is boasting a large and increasing membership of experienced watermen, has arranged for an Old Home Week regatta. Prizes will be given for single scull, pairs, fours and eight-oar crews, and as the out-of-town and Canadian oarsmen are invited to enter it is expected the regatta will be one of the best ever known in this section of the country, famed as it is for such affairs. The races will be held on the local course in the Buffalo harbor, offering spectators a fine view of the course.

On Monday afternoon, also, the Buffalo Yacht club, which will have a general celebration during the week for former members now living out of town, will start its program with a cruise from Port Maitland, finishing at the home of the yachtsmen, off the foot of Porter avenue, where their club house is located. There will also be motorboat and launch races from the same station at the same time.

On Tuesday, which will be known as fireman's day, the sport features will consist of motor boat and launch races, off the Bedell House in the Niagara river, on the shores of which the local launch clubs have recently erected some fine permanent homes. The growth of the launch in Buffalo has been great in recent years and this city now owns some of the finest little craft speeding on the waters of any section of the country.

In the evening on Tuesday will come the illuminated automobile parade and only those who appreciate the record number of automobiles owned in Buffalo can imagine what a grand spectacle this pageant is certain to be.

Lacrosse on Canadian Day.

The big sport feature of Wednesday, Canadian Day, is sure to be the lacrosse game, which is being arranged to be held at The Front in the morning. The Buffalo Lacrosse club, one of the best in America, will meet on this occasion the best Canadian team that can be matched. Lacrosse is as much the national sport in the Dominion as baseball is on this side of the border and as the Buffalos are well prepared to put up a spirited battle a thrilling exhibition of the grand pastime should result.

Launch races will be held on the Bedell House course in the afternoon, and on the Park Lake there will be a regatta for the canoeists, arranged by the Buffalo Canoe club. A variety of sports will be brought down from the Point Abino station of the club and there will be all sorts of competitions, for singles up to the big war canoes, while tilting and other manner of fun will not be neglected. This canoe meet promises to be a most prominent feature of the week's sport program.

The grotesque parade on Wednesday night will furnish a chance for the Spreders and other Buffalo social sporting clubs to distinguish themselves.

Thursday will be McKinley Day, with the parade of the American and Canadian troops, the dedication of the monument and other events.

Tennis, Golf, Trapshooting.

All during the week there will be in progress a tennis tournament on the courts of the Park Club, now housed in the old home of the Country Club, and it is expected the play will reach its climax by Friday. It is hoped that this tournament will include among the players Miss May Sutton, the wonderful girl player from California who has held the American championship, and who recently returned from England, where for the second time she annexed the title of British champion in the national tournament on the Wimbledon courts, near London. The Park Club will entertain open house all during the week for visiting tennis enthusiasts.

On Saturday there will be motorboat runs and launch races under the auspices of the Tuscarora club.

All during the week, also, there will be in progress other sports, for which definite place in the week's schedule has not yet been assigned. These will include a trapshooting meet on the Audubon Club traps, in which all local and many out-of-town expert marksmen will compete for prizes. Golf tournaments will also be under way during the week on various links and negotiations are under way for a polo game on the Park Meadow, in which the Country club four will meet a crack team to be selected from a field made up of the crack Meadow-brooks and teams from Rochester and Toronto polo clubs. Buffalo's polo players have always been distinguished for their play with mallet and ball since the days that a local team captured the national tournament, held annually at Newport, and this match should be one of the prettiest spectacles on the sport program.

Bowlers of the country have been invited to take part in the Old Home Week bowling tournament, which will be held at the Palace alleys all the week, and it should be one of the big knights' big affairs of the year. Professional baseball will be in progress at Olympic Park all the week, the Buffalos meeting the best teams in the Eastern League circuit daily. Flights of carrier pigeons and numerous other events in which the sportsmen are interested are planned, but not yet definitely fixed on the schedule, so that in the great rush of things doing during the first week in September the sport lover will not find himself neglected any minute of the day.

"At Home" to All the World.

Buffalo is to celebrate the [illegible] anniversary of its incorporation as a city by an "Old Home" Week, beginning Sept. 1. According to invitations received by prominent New Yorkers the citizens of that town will be "at home" every minute to get acquainted with the thousands of people who are expected to pay the town a visit.

The chief event of the celebration will be the unveiling of a monument of President McKinley, at which Governor Hughes will officiate. This will be on Thursday, Sept. 5. There will be most imposing parades of soldiers, firemen, school children, maskers and societies; sports, fireworks and a scheme of decoration of great beauty.

The leading citizens of Buffalo are characteristically enthusiastic over the unique celebration they have in view and will undoubtedly provide entertainment for their guests which will make similar undertakings seem tame.—[From the New York World.]

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Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery," for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the highest commendation from leading medical men of all the different schools of practice, for the cure of all those chronic [illegible] for which it is recommended. A full list of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed free to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, hang-on coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It will cure the affections that lead up to consumption, if taken in time.

Pay Shave and Hop Home.

A youth with untouched face walked slowly past a barber shop, then back again, then paused and reconnoitered, each time drawing nearer and nearer. Finally, as though he had just reached a determination, he turned in and handed his hat, coat and collar to the odd-looking "shine." When it came his turn he got into the chair with an air of assurance which was rather out of keeping with his haunted eyes.

"Hair cut?" queried the barber.

"Naw; shave," said the youth. "Just once over, and be kind o' careful of the neck whisker."

The barber put his hand over his face to hide a grin and went to his lather cup. He turned on the hot water and passed a wink down the line until every barber had his gaze that way. Then, with ponderous care, he lathered the face and coolly began shaving his customer with the back of the razor.

"Does she pull?" he asked after a bit.

"A little mite," said the customer, with fine discrimination. "Got a wire edge, hasn't it?"

The barber replied by stropping his own hand violently, then resumed shaving with the back of the razor.

"How's that?" he said.

"Fine as silk," said the customer, now grown veteran. "Tell you it's all in the stropping, Jack."—Baltimore News.

Self Winding Watches.

"Watchmaking is no longer what it used to be," said a collector. "Where will you find today artists making and selling readily watches worth $2,500 apiece? Breguet was the greatest watchmaker the world has ever seen. He was a Swiss, but he lived in France. The watch collector who hasn't a Breguet timepiece has a sadly incomplete collection. Breguet watches were the acme of beauty, of originality and of accuracy. One played a tune every hour, another had on its dial little figures that danced, a third was a self winder. They were very ingenious, those self winding watches. They worked on the pedometer principle. The motion of the body in walking kept them wound. I have a Breguet self winder, and sometimes, out of curiosity, I carry it for a week. My stride winds it, it never runs down, and it keeps, after all these years, fairly good time."—New York Press.

The Address on the Letter.

"It is not spelling alone that has been smitten by the hand of the destroyer," lamented the postman. "Punctuation has also gone by the board. When I first began to handle United States mail—ten years ago the directions on envelopes were punctuated according to schoolbook rules. Abbreviations were finished off with a period, names were followed by a comma, and so on. Now the envelope that is properly punctuated is a rarity. Sometimes, just out of curiosity, I take time to look carefully through a bunch of letters. Out of, say, twenty, more than half will be entirely destitute of punctuation marks. In the few cases where an attempt has been made to punctuate hysterical dashes take the place of the periods and commas that once prevailed."—New York Globe.

Proof of His Innocence.

A southern negro was brought into the courtroom, accused of stealing a neighbor's chickens.

"Mister George Washington Slimtopp, did you steal those chickens?" asked the judge pointedly.

"No, suh, judge. Ah is too spectable fo' dat."

"But it is stated on good authority that a bundle of feathers was found in your back yard the day before Christmas."

"Dat 'simination, judge, doz proves mah innocence, coz how could de fedders be found in mah back yard de day befo' Chris'mus when mah wife didn't pluck dose chickens until de day after Chris'mus?"—Circle.

A Queer Argument.

It is often urged that eloquence and affectation are fashionable, but I maintain that the peculiar pronunciation of certain words—if that constitutes affectation—is a pardonable fault, of which many eminent orators are themselves guilty. In vast cathedrals and large halls where the acoustic properties are of an unusual order it is clearly manifest that some pronunciations are preferable to others, for some words by the very composition of their syllables are not so far reaching in their sound as others, so that if a ruse is adopted to gain the desired effect surely it is detrimental to no one.—London Academy.

Putting In the Sting.

Clara—I understand that Mr. Featherley paid me a very pretty compliment today? Ethel—Yes. What was it? Clara—He said that among the most beautiful young ladies at the party was Miss Clara Smith. Ethel (with a cough)—Yes, I noticed you among them.—London Mail.

Attracting Attention.

"When ordering champagne some people are not satisfied with the pop of the cork."

"No?"

"No; they think the waiter ought to also fire a pistol."—Washington Herald.

Read Letter Days.

"Most people have red letter days once in a while," observed the pretty girl sweetheart, as she put the perused missive back in its envelope, "but every day is a read letter day for me."—Norristown Times.

The Value of Ridicule.

"A man," said Dr. Johnson, "should pass a part of his time with the laughers, by which means anything ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view and corrected."

Floored.

One Sexton—Do you have matins at your church? The Other—No, we have ollioth.—Harper's Weekly.

The father's virtue is the child's best inheritance.—Chinese Proverb.

Accidental Success.

"In literature," said a publisher, "popular success frequently comes by accident. A remarkable case was that of J. H. Shorthouse. This man, a poor chemist, spent some years writing a book called 'John Inglesant.' But the publishers would have none of 'John Inglesant,' and finally Mr. Shorthouse printed 100 copies at his own expense.

"Only forty of these copies sold, one purchaser being a photographer. The photographer took Mr. Gladstone's picture some weeks later, and the old man chose a studious pose, sitting with a volume in his hand. He lost in absorption over the work, which happened accidentally to be 'John Inglesant,' and in the thousands of copies of the photograph that were sold by accident the book's name was plainly to be made out.

"Mr. Gladstone was regarded as a great critic, and the people thought he desired to recommend 'John Inglesant.' What was the result? Within the year 300,000 copies of 'John Inglesant' had been sold, and Shorthouse was a made man."

Two Tall Ones.

"Eagles and hyenas, if they are starving, will eat themselves," said a nature fakir.

"Oh, of course."

"It's the truth. Pliny mentions it in his natural history, and I have proved it by experiment. I starved an eagle three days, and he began to tear chunks out of his thigh and eat them. The thing was so sickening to me that I only permitted it to go on a day. I got two good photographs of it for my last book, then I restored the eagle's rations again. The poor fellow had made a hole in his thigh as big as your fist, and to this day he walks lame.

"And the hyena? The hyena was worse still. At first he was obstinate and refused to touch himself; but one night I heard angry growls from his cage and, going down with a lantern, I found him eating his hind leg. He had made great progress. He had got away with about three pounds. I believe if I hadn't come down in time he'd have devoured himself completely."—Exchange.

Strained the Jar.

A little old woman with a sharp nose and sharper tongue was in the country grocery store buying supplies. Among other things she brought in from her cart was a battle scarred jug, which she ordered to be filled with treacle.

At last, when her purchases were completed, she began looking over the account, item by item, before paying.

"What's this?" she exclaimed. "You have charged me for two gallons and a half of treacle."

"Yes, ma'am."

"But that jug holds only two gallons."

"You must be mistaken. I measured the treacle carefully, and it took two gallons and a half to fill it."

"Well," said the old woman with a sigh, "I don't so much mind having to pay for the treacle, but I do object to having the old jug strained by your putting in half a gallon more than it will hold."—Strand Magazine.

The events of fortune are unexpected and therefore can never be guarded against by man.—Xenophon.

Aspiration sees only one side of every question; possession many.—Lowell.

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Drugs and Medicines Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Playing Cards, Fine Confectionery, Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Leather and Rubber Goods at

L. K. Hogarth's,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

I am headquarters for

SHEET IRON

ZINC

BRASS

COPPER

and TIN

STOVE PIPE

made to order, any size

Anything in the tinner's line given prompt and careful attention.

EDGAR W. STRONG.

RUNS 'PHONES. RUNS ALL NIGHT. SMETHPORT

Send for the New Catalogue of the STATE NORMAL SCHOOL at Indiana

—it is the most elaborate ever issued by a normal school and completely describes the splendid equipment and facilities of this institution.

Address

DR. JAMES E. AMENT

INDIANA, PA.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. We have a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bet ompt relief for Constipation. With othe ares all-wheat bread will have the same effe ture undoubtedly has a veritable remedy leve every ailment known to man, if physicia s but find Nature's way to health. And this tlingly true with regard to Constipation. The bark of a certain tree in California—Cas ra Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to thi d. But, combined with Eryptian Senna, Slip ry Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this me Cascara bark is given its greatest possible wer in correct combination. A toothsome ugy Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Shoop Laboratories, from this ingenuous and st effective prescription. Its effect on Constip tion, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, llow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and dafying.

No griping; no unpleasant after effects are ga anteed. And Lax-ets are put up in beautiful thoroughfaed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents box.

For something new, nice, economical and festive, try a box of

Lax-ets

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Emperor and Purita 50c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Tria

A. E. FOSTER & CO

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 29, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The Grange National Bank has a change of ad in this issue.

—Mrs. Harry Ryan wishes to thank those who so kindly assisted her in her recent bereavement.

—The steel railroad bridge being built at Stony Brook Glen by the Shawmut will be 700 feet long and 245 feet high.

—The prospects for a large attendence at the Edinboro Normal are good. School begins Sept. 10th. Send for catalog. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—A. E. Aeschbach, a Condersport barber, has instituted a $10,000 libel suit against the Enterprise of that place for alleged libelous articles published in that paper.

—John McGee, a bottle blower of Shingle House, committed suicide at that place the forepart of last week by slashing his throat with a razor. He was a native of Bridgeton, N. J.

—John H. Bradner, who for the past eleven years has been a member of the well known firm of dry goods dealers, Adams & Bradner, of Olean, has purchased Mr. Adams' interest, and will hereafter conduct the store under the name of "Bradner's."

—In the future the city of DuBois will be closed Sunday, and the "Blue Laws" strictly adhered to. According to the interpretation of these laws it will be impossible to purchase a cigar, newspaper, or in fact anything else on Sunday. How would you like to live in DuBois?

—The special work for next meeting of the W. C. T. U., Wednesday, Sept. 4, in the M. E. chapel at 3 o'clock will be tieing little white bows into text cards, to be given out from the W. C. T. U. "Rest Room" at the County Fair. A good attendance of members and visitors is desired.

—The practice of writing a few lines in the margin of a newspaper being sent to a friend through the mails must be stopped and violators of the postal regulations will be prosecuted in the United States District Court. A postoffice inspector said it would be well if the newspapers would advice their readers not to write on the margins. Those who write on the papers are open to prosecution under "Article 584."—Exchange.

Plane Sailing.

All plain sailing. This term is so spelled even in nautical works of some age, but plane sailing is the correct form. Before Mercator invented the sea chart which goes by his name all charts were on a plane projection. In using these the ship's course was treated as an angle and the distance, difference of latitude and departure as the sides of a right angled triangle. There were very large errors in plane charts, yet all the world was charted on them and all the great voyages of discovery made before Mercator's projection came into use. Plane sailing was the simplest of all sailings, and thus came the present meaning of the term.

Pretty, Useful Shoes.

It would be difficult to realize what the Frieslander would do without his klompen, or wooden shoes, for they have a hundred uses. With them he hails out his boat, corrects his children and scoops up a drink of water wherever he may be. He places in them his worms for fishing, uses them as missiles in a free fight, digs with them, measures dry goods with them, and a hundred other things. The klompen are cheap; they cost about fifteen pence a pair, man's size, and Dutchmen's feet are not Cinderella-like by any means.—Wide World Magazine.

His Query.

Wilfred was taken to the lake, which was entirely frozen over, and the smooth ice glittered in the sunlight. It was the first time the little fellow had seen this body of water covered with ice, and, after viewing it for a few minutes, he turned to his mother and asked innocently:

"Say, mamma, who put the lid on the lake?"—Circle.

Her Late Husband.

Hubby (returning from his club at 3 a. m. and finding his wife, dressed in widow's weeds, awaiting him)—What on earth are you in mourning for?

"My late husband," came the tearful reply.

Didn't Fire Him.

A kind old gentleman, seeing a small boy who was carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said, "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"Naw, I don't read 'em," replied the lad.—Canadian Courier.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, August 29, 1907

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. RANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

AUROS B PARKER intimates that the administration is going too far in its attacks upon capital. W. J. Bryan complains that the administration is too conservative in its attacks. It is difficult to please leaders.—Bradford Era.

THE death warrant for the hanging of four Italians at Lancaster on October 4 is the first warrant for four persons to be executed in Pennsylvania in many years. There have been numerous double hangings and one or two triple legal executions have been known in recent years; but the issuance of a warrant for four to be hanged on a single scaffold is without precedent in the memory of men serving in State offices.

"VULTURES gathering at a feast," is not a pleasant synonym, but it is suggested by the inhuman utterances of some Democratic newspapers and so-called Republican papers of a mongrel breed, since the State capitol investigating committee has made its reports. Those papers have turned down their thumbs over an urn full of alleged grafters, and metaphorically gnashing their teeth and cry for blood. Of course no honest newspaper will deny that the men responsible for the stealing of public funds should be punished—but let the blame, the disgrace, the humiliation and the punishment fall upon the guilty; respect the feelings of the innocent and if necessary shield them. The ghoul-like action of some newspapers in hurling back to the graves of men, who died in the midst of public life, and snarling over dead men's bones, is a far from commendable enterprise on the part of any editor who has the first element of decency in his journalistic character. Some of these men who have been hauled back from the tomb were undoubtedly innocent of any dishonest participation in the present capitol scandal, others can only be theoretically connected with the matter. If any dead man had a hand in the misappropriation of funds in the construction of the State capitol, let the sequel show it. Perhaps men have died under a cloud, but that is no reason why their misdeeds should be flaunted in the face of those who live and who love and revere their memory in spite of all. "Hide shall not steal," seems to be the slogan of many of these defamers of the dead. Another command that might be perverted over by these hysterical newspapers is "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1907.

The news that the Secretary of State, Elihu Root, is at William Muldoon's Sanitarium, near New York, has given rise to a number of wholly unfounded reports to the effect that Mr. Root has suffered a nervous breakdown, has quarreled with the President, contemplates resigning from the cabinet, etc., all of which your correspondent is in a position to emphatically deny. Mr. Root has had no quarrel with the President, and he has no thought of resigning from the cabinet. On the contrary, he expects to start next month for Mexico where he will be a guest of President Diaz for a short time. Neither is Mr. Root a nervous wreck, although it is a fact that he is worn out with the heavy responsibilities of his high position, and the great amount of work which devolves upon him because he has not been given competent assistants.

There is another reason, however, why Mr. Root deemed it wise to spend the few remaining weeks of his vacation at Muldoon's and that is that despite the fact that he went to his summer home at Clinton, N. Y., with the hope of securing complete rest, hardly a day has passed on which one or more visitors has not arrived from New York. As Mr. Root's place is quite distant from the station, it was necessary to keep most of these over night, and the Secretary has sat far into the night, evening after evening, talking politics, finances, etc., with his New York friends, many of whom were his clients when he practiced his profession in New York, and whom he was compelled to treat with the utmost courtesy. Finding his vacation speeding to the close without his having enjoyed the complete rest which he so sorely needed, he determined to retire to Muldoon's and now no friend can get at him without first encountering Muldoon, and even now the ex-prize-fighter would not be a pleasant gentleman to tackle. Mr. Root spends much time in the saddle, practically all his walking in the open air, and is thus able to sleep from 10 to 12 hours out of the twenty-four. He writes his friends in Washington that he expects to return to Washington rested and rejuvenated and ready for the hard winter's work that is ahead of him.

Secretary Taft's western trip and the speeches in which he is announcing the platforms on which he asks the presidential nomination continue to attract the attention of the politicians in Washington and while the secretary has not made any effort to capture his audiences by bursts of oratory or flights of fancy and while his speeches have been as free from anything savoring of demagoguery as is the man himself, it is generally conceded that he is daily becoming better known and a more difficult candidate for the anti-Roosevelt faction to defeat. Mr. Taft has amply demonstrated his adherence to that body of political and economic propositions which are known as the Roosevelt policies; he has displayed a judicial temperament and a respect for the constitution which are very attractive to some Republicans who have, unwarrantably no doubt, feared that President Roosevelt was going too far in his efforts to correct all evils through the federal government.

It is generally agreed among the politicians that the loyalty of the people to Roosevelt and the desire of many that he should accept a third term are preventing that enthusiasm for other candidates which would be certain if it accepted as a fact that the president would not except another nomination. For Mr. Taft this situation has many advantages. For other candidates it is a detriment to their ambitions. It is a safe prediction however that when the proper time comes, probably about the end of this year, President Roosevelt will make a final and unequivocal statement completely and absolutely eliminating himself from consideration, and when he does so he will contrive in some manner to let the voters know that he regards Mr. Taft as the man most in sympathy with, most loyal to, and most capable of carrying the Roosevelt policies to a successful issue.

Just at present the anti-Roosevelt faction in the Republican party is much at sea regarding a candidate. The first of the so-called conservative candidates put forth was Senator Knox. Mr. Knox is a man of ability, he has received the endorsement of his state convention and it was hoped that he might be the man to lead the anti-Roosevelt-ites to victory. Reports of his strength began to come in from the far west, and for a time the outlook was favorable. Then his far west adherents were identified as the men who are amenable to President James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railroad and that hurt the Pennsylvanian. In New England, Senator Murray Crane, who quarrelled with the President over the Railway Rate Bill, made a personal canvass and was unable to find any Knox sentiment, and so reported to Senator Aldrich when that statesman returned recently from Europe. The boom of Vice President Fairbanks has been so seriously punctured that the more skilful politicians no longer take it seriously. Speaker Cannon's boom might prove the most powerful of all, were it not for the speaker's great age and the fear that he would not live through his term. At present, there are many indications that the anti-Roosevelt crowd will unite on Governor Hughes, not because they entirely like him, but because they regard him as the most feasible candidate and because before he was elected Governor his associations and affiliations were all with the corporations. Should there be a deadlock in the convention which prevented the nomination of Taft, at least by the third ballot, Geo. B. Cortelyou, secretary of the treasury, would doubtless stand an excellent chance as the compromise candidate, and Mr. Cortelyou, who has unbounded faith in his star of destiny, which in a few short years, has taken him from a stenographer's desk to the second highest places in the cabinet, is a strong believer in the likelihood of that deadlock. At oyster Bay, however it is believed that there will be no deadlock, and that William H. Taft will be nominated on the second ballot, the first largely composed of complimentary votes for the several favorite sons.

Free for Catarrh, just to prove merit a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol menthol etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

If you suffer from bloating belching sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia take a Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Don't forget to stop at Young's store and look over the inducements offered.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at 20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer, Smethport, Pa.

Special Bargain Sale.

We are now offering all Millinery, Shirt Waists, Shirt Waist Suits and Separate Skirts at genuine bargains. Don't fail to see them.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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OTIS BALCOM
DOCTOR OF OPTICS
Formerly of Cincinnati, O., now of Kane

WILL BE AT THE
HOTEL IMPERIAL
SMETHPORT, PA.
ON
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
SEPT. 2, 3 and 4.

Especial attention to the eyes of children and aged persons.

All examinations made with Electrical Retinoscope and Ophthalmoscope and by the very latest methods in Optics.

No fee for examination and prices reasonable.

Photo Fancies
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Sanes
MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

Selling out

Of Oxfords for this Summer, and in order to do it we are quoting the following prices on the best shoes made:

White Canvas.....at big reductions
Men's Hannan and Nettleton $5 and $5.50.....at $3.95
Men's other makes, $4 and $3.50.....at $2.95
Women's $4 oxfords.....at $2.95
Women's $3.50 " .....at $2.65
Women's $3 " .....at $2.35

These are in all styles and leathers. It will pay you to buy.

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

I hereby certify that I am still determined to go out of the mercantile business. I shall therefore buy no more goods, but will continue to offer unheard of bargains from the remaining stock, which contains a good and useful assortment, and all for little money.

Respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once. We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of GROCERIES and PROVISIONS in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Tea and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you good for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Cure Your Sick Headach

HUN-E-LAX
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON

"Pure as honey." As good as it's pure. Keeps you sweet inside and outside.

HUN-E-LAX keeps you well.
Cures Sick Headache.
Promotes Activity of Liver.
Imparts Regular Habits to the Bowels.
Cultivates and Stimulates Health.
10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists.
Wilds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa

Brasted's
WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

POPULAR LOW-RATE EXCURSION

TO

BUFFALO, Old Home Week, NIAGARA FALLS and TORONTO, Canadian National Exposition

TUESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1907

REGULAR TRAINS

	Train Leaves	Fare to Buffalo or Niagara Falls and Return	Fare to Toronto and Return
Emporium	8.35 A. M.	2.50	4.00
Emporium Junction	8.30 "	2.50	4.00
Sizerville	8.38 "	2.50	4.00
Keating Summit	9.00 "	2.50	4.00
Port Allegany	9.27 "	2.25	3.75
Clermont	8.50 "	2.50	4.00
Colegrove	9.05 "	2.50	4.00
Smethport	9.18 "	2.25	3.75
Larrabee	9.47 "	2.15	3.65
Eldred	9.51 "	2.00	3.50
Portville	10.17 "	1.75	3.25
Buffalo	Ar. 12.48 P. M.		
Buffalo (N. Y. Central)	Lv. 12.55 "		
Niagara Falls (N. Y. Central)	Ar. 1.40 "		
Niagara Falls (N. Y. C. or Gorge Road)	Lv. 5.15 "		
Lewiston (Steamer)	Lv. 6.00 "		
Toronto (Steamer)	Ar. 8.15 "		

Tickets will be accepted for going passage only on train scheduled above. Buffalo and Niagara Falls tickets will be accepted for return passage on regular trains, stopping at stations named, September 3 and 4. Toronto tickets will be accepted for return passage for five days, including date of sale. Toronto tickets will be accepted between Niagara Falls and Lewiston via either New York Central or Gorge Route.

CHILDREN, BETWEEN 5 AND 12 YEARS OF AGE, HALF FARE

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

THE LINDHOLM CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

AUG. 9 --- AUG. 16

For one Week We will say

GOOD-BYE

TO THE SUMMER GOODS, MULL, DIMITTY, LAWN and BATISTE.

They have to go and price will be no drawback.

Every piece must clear out now for we must use the room they occupy for fall goods.

Good-Bye also to the Shirt Waists. Not many left but they must go--all go-at some price.

They are in lots marked at a small percentage of real value, so Good-Bye to them now.

Good-Bye to the Wash Belts, White Hosiery, Summer neckwear, Embroidery, Laces.

And the same to all small lots of Lace Curtains, Ruffled Curtains, Muslin Curtains. All must go.

HOW?

The price will be marked to such an extremely law point that they will go as by magic.

Come and see some of the offerings and they will interest you.

The Lindholm Co.

Do Your Buildings Need Roofing?

If they do Why Not Try SHEDRAIN?

ADVANTAGES OF SHEDRAIN ROOFING.

Will not melt.—Result no tar stained buildings. Will not rot, tear or dry out. Fire resisting. Will not shrink or crack. Climate changes do not effect it. Requires no painting when applied. Absolutely water proof.

Shedrain is tasteless and odorless. Will not contaminate rainwater. Made of the best and strongest wool and felt and any workman can put it on.

For sale by

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 29, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the Buffalo Old Home Week program in this issue.

—E. W. Strong tells a new story in his advertisement this week.

—A fire last Friday morning caused $16,000 damage on Main street, Olean.

—R. W. Cutler, of Corning, N. Y., has accepted a position with Elmer E. Heath in his barber shop.

—J. O. Hamlin has a new and seasonable advertisement in this issue which will interest the housekeeper.

—"Ike" Simons has a change of ad. this week. See what he has to say about new clothes and furnishings for fall.

—Workmen are engaged in the manufacture of cement blocks which will be used in the erection of a barn by O. D. Comes on his premises on King street this fall.

—Olean has secured the State convention of the Red Men of New York state, which will meet early next fall. It is expected that about 3,000 delegates will be present.

—The members of St. Lukes' Sunday School held a picnic in the grove at Farmers Valley Tuesday afternoon. The outing was largely attended and all had a delightful time.

—From present indications it will undoubtedly be quite late in the winter before the window glass factories in this section resume operations. No wage scale has yet been agreed upon, and everything points to a late start.

—Preaching by the pastor at the Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:45 and evening at 8:00. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior at 3:00 and Christian Endeavor at 7:00 p. m.

—Season tickets for the McKean County Fair and Races are now on sale. They can be had by applying at the Wright House or to W. A. Anderson, corresponding secretary, over Rubin's store.

—The second annual reunion of the Stark family was held in the grove at Coryville yesterday. About one hundred persons were in attendance. The reunion will be held in this borough next year.

—A car of grain belonging to C. Herzog & Son came very near being dumped into Marvin creek last Saturday. It was being pushed across the trestle when one side of the trestle settled, nearly overturning the box car.

—Harry J. Curtis, the star catcher and heavy hitter of the Bradford baseball club, was sold to the New York Giants of the National League on last Friday, and will no doubt be seen in the line-up of that organization before the season closes.

—Smethport is to have a theatorium. Percy Brown of Mt. Jewett has rented the building in which W. J. Kerr has his jewelry store and is making preparations to open as soon as possible. Mr. Kerr has moved his jewelry store into the Chadwick block next door.

—Personal—Mr. "Catskin" Murray of Bradford, who assisted Turnkey McCarty of the county jail during buying, but discovered that he had urgent business elsewhere, before the job was completed, has returned to Smethport and is a guest of Mr. McCarty. "Catskin" will prolong his stay indefinitely.

—In beauty of location, in attractiveness of buildings and in thoroughness of training, the Lock Haven Normal School is particularly distinguished. There is no more healthful and beautiful location in the state of Pennsylvania. Its illustrated catalog is well worth seeing.

—The Smethport team defeated the Port Allegany baseball club at the latter place last Thursday by the score of 5 to 0. On Friday the home team journeyed to Eldred and walloped that club to the tune of 6 to 1. Perry and Riley acted as Smethport's battery in both contests.

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday, Sept. 1st, the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Instructions on confirmation will be given on the next two Sundays. At All Saints', East Smethport, Holy Communion at 8 a. m. and service and Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

—W. M. Layton and wife will make their home in Smethport where the former has employment in the glass bottle works as a blower. They go to Smethport next week. Mr. Layton has had employment here and recently married Miss Irah Mehaffey.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The Ridgway newspapers complain that the health conditions of that town have been made to appear much worse than they really are by wild reports in various papers throughout the country. There are a number of cases of typhoid fever, but up to Saturday, not one death from that disease had occurred.

—Those young people who insist on standing in front of the postoffice or on the opposite corner holding their "Oh Fudge" confab would improve conditions some if they paired themselves off instead of a dozen or more gathering in one spot on the walk, causing passers-by to take the road to pass them.

—George C. Bowen, for many years clerk of the Bay State hotel, Bradford and well known to many Smethport citizens, has received notice of his appointment to a clerkship in the office of Auditor General Young at Harrisburg, all of which will be good news to this gentleman's host of friends throughout the county.

—Robert Hannahs, Jr., a young son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hannahs of Bradford, was accidentally shot by a companion, Henry Murphy, while out woodchuck hunting last Thursday evening. The bullet penetrated the right lung and came out just below the right shoulder blade. His condition is favorable to recovery.

—Mrs. James A. McKean gave a linen shower for Miss Mabel Camp and Miss Gertrude Welker Monday afternoon. The out of town guests were Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Foster, Independence, Kas.; Mrs. McQuiston, Mexico; Mrs. Gillespie, Newark, Ohio; Mrs. Newman, Syracuse; Mrs. Oldfield, Baltimore, and Miss Taylor, Harrisburg.

—Every member of last years graduating class of the Lock Haven State Normal School, that desired it has secured a position for next year the demand was even greater than the supply. Graduates of this important school never fail to secure positions. No higher praise is necessary. The fall term begins September 9th. Write for catalog.

—Reports from Russell Lindsley and Fred Partlo, who are members of the Parker Carnival Co.'s band, show that these young men are much pleased with life "on the road." This company is playing week stands in Indiana towns this month and is booked for the West. The young musicians expect to be in Kansas by the middle of September.

—The fires were started in both tanks of the Berney Bond bottle factory in this borough last Saturday. During the summer many improvements were made in this factory, among which was the installation of electric fans. It is expected that about 125 men and boys will be given employment in this plant during the coming season, which starts on September 3rd.

—The following members of the Democracy have been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of R. W. Hilton, who was nominated for the office of County Treasurer: B. F. Connell, Kane; E. G. Benson, Mt. Jewett; Guy L. Burt, Port Allegany; A. G. Farley, Farmers Valley. The committee expects to certify the name of a nominee before September.—Eldred Eagle.

—The seventh annual reunion of the Comes family was held at Frog Camp last Thursday and Friday. About 80 members of the family were in attendance. The men were in charge the first day and among the events was a ball game. Thursday evening the ladies took charge and a dance was held, followed by a corn roast. This was one of the most successful reunions held by that estimable family, and everyone in attendance reports a most enjoyable time. It was decided to hold the 8th annual reunion at the same place and on the same dates next year.

—The annual bear stories are here together with the lucious ripe blackberries. Yesterday morning our devil came in with a most thrilling narrative of the narrow escape of some of his young friends who had been gathering berries the previous day. Our devil was considerably excited and therefore his story was rather disconnected, but from his description the bear must have given the boys a terrible run for their lives. So close was brain behind one of the young heroes that his hot breath fairly burned the lad's back, but he finally escaped and lives to tell the story.

—George Barnes, of Shinglehouse, was held up at the point of a revolver by three masked footpads a short distance from that town late Friday afternoon and not only made to deliver his watch and $7 in money but also his clothes, including his underclothes and socks. Mr. Barnes had gone to a pasture after his cows and did not hear the men coming up behind him until the one holding the revolver demanded that he put his "hands up." They then took his watch and money and a fancy to his clothes, so demanded and received them. Clothed only in the darkness of the falling night Mr. Barnes was able to reach a local hotel without being seen by any but the greedy bandits. There is no clue to the robbers.—Olean Herald.

Personal Mention.

Ed. Bates has returned from an extended visit to Indiana, Pa.

O. H. Barker left Sunday for an extended visit to New York city.

Webb Hopper is spending the week at the Hornellsville fair and races.

E. T. Newman was a business visitor in Syracuse the forepart of the week.

Miss Cora Gifford, of Washington, D. C., is a guest of Miss Nettie Duntley.

W. S. Acre of East Smethport is attending the Franklinville, N. Y., Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Susse of Kane are guests of Smethport relatives and friends.

Dr. and Mrs. John Tretton and children of Rochester are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Charles McKenna and Mrs. John Clark left Monday for a visit to New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Irons attended the Stark family reunion at Coryville Wednesday.

Paul Brown, of Ellicottville, N. Y., visited friends and relatives in town over Sunday.

Misses Mary and Ella Cole left the 28th for an extended visit with relatives in Meadville, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Workley have returned from a two weeks' sojourn at Conesbus Lake, N. Y.

Raymond Day, who has been spending the summer in Clarksburg, W. Va., returned home last Monday.

Mrs. C. A. Burdick, Miss Olive Taylor and Misses Esther and Cora Erhart are Buffalo visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. King, of East Smethport, have returned from a ten days' sojourn at Atlantic City.

Miss Lydia Burlingame of Kasson left Tuesday for Winthrop, Maine, where she will make a prolonged visit.

George Sherburne and Lillian Hughes returned from an extended visit at Bangor, Maine, the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield and J. L. Morrison drove to Syracuse in the former's automobile last Sunday, Mr. Morrison returning on Tuesday.

Mrs. Nina Ramsey returned to her home in Tunkhannock Saturday after a few weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Smethport and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Camp and the Misses Webb automobiled over from Bradford Sunday and were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp.

Mrs. J. E. P. Butts, of Geneva, N. Y., returned to her home in that city last Monday after a three weeks' visit with friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. J. M. Spangle and children returned to their home in North Girard, Pa., last Friday after a three weeks' visit with friends and relatives in this borough.

Miss Helen G. Smith left Tuesday morning for Bertesville, I. T., where she is to teach in the High School. Miss Smith will make a short visit on her way at Cincinnati, among the people of her step-father, Rev. T. D. Ware.

Mrs. John Petersen and children of Wilcox were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Irons the latter part of last week.—Mr. Peterson drove over from Wilcox Sunday morning and accompanied them home Sunday evening.

Excursion To Toronto, Canada Tuesday, September 3rd.

Via B. R. & P. Ry. Special train leaves Newton, 8:30 a. m. Round trip tickets, good five days also for stop over at Niagara, only $3.00.

For Sale.

1 wooden bed, springs and mattress, 1 couch, 1 ice box, Detroit Jewell cook stove. Inquire of Mrs. N. H. Knapp.

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Every size is here from 3 to 16 years. This chance to save from $2.00 to $3.50 on a Suit is open to you until Saturday, 24th inst. inclusive.

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A rare opportunity awaits you here Friday morning. Its a chance to get some of the finest white lawn waists that this season has brought out at the price of only common kinds. Its a complete clearance—nothing reserved. The prices are reduced a quarter, a third, and in some instances they are halved.

We feel safe in assuring you that you will find what you want in style and size—there's a big variety—long or short sleeves—open front or back—sheer and medium weights.

Regular Prices . 50c to $3.75.
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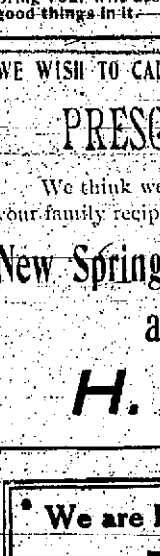
New Belts

A new lot of Belts arrived this week. Better have a look at them—Elastics and Leathers.

50c TO $1.50

WHY



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SMETHPORT PENN'A.

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You get more facts about easy running **right at the crank of a separator** than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, **the crank tells you so** as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. **The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest.** The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—**it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent.** and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. **Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.**

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

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We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

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McCoy's Drug Store

SMETHPORT, P

Behind the Choir Curtain

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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There had been an immense amount of irreverence in the choir before the new soprano came. The tenor and the contralto and the bass and the old soprano had flirted from the opening anthem to the benediction, and as they were hidden from the congregation by a green baize curtain there had been no scandal, although certain members of the session had complained of weird sounds that had seemed to echo from the organ loft and die in the steeple.

With the advent of the new soprano, however, came a different state of affairs. Both the tenor and the bass fell in love with her at sight, and the contralto, being forty and fat and fair, submitted comfortably to the new singer's conquest and smiled on her in a way unprecedented in choir history, where the green eyed monster is supposed to rage rampant.

The new soprano was not irreverent, and hence it came about that romance was succeeded by religion, and the tenor and the bass paid strict attention to the responses and to the sermon and bent their heads during prayers, although so earnest were the soprano's meditations that the bass was constrained now and then to glance at her and after intercepting the tenor's ardent observation would again seem wrapped in his devotions.

At the time of the opening prayer the sun came through the rose window. A white dove spread his wings against the stained glass background, and as the soprano stood up for her solo he seemed to hover over her head, and her shining hair made a golden halo.

"Oh, she's too good to be true," the bass told the tenor as they went home together one Sunday in May.

"She is perfect," the tenor declared fervently. "We are a lot of sinners, and she has come among us like a little saint to make us ashamed of ourselves."

It was discovered after three weeks that the bass had given up smoking.

THEY HAD TEA AND MUFFINS.

In five weeks the tenor signed the pledge, and in six the contralto stopped bleaching her hair and came to choir practice with her head tied up in a veil to hide the inevitable discrepancies as to color.

"She's a dear little thing," she confided to the bass, "She's poor and takes care of her mother."

"I'll take care of them both," the bass declared ardently, "if she will let me."

The tenor having made the same statement, the contralto carried the news to the soprano.

"They are both in love with you, my dear," she whispered one Sunday morning when the green curtain had been drawn and the congregation had settled down comfortably to hear the sermon.

"I'd rather not talk about such things in church if you don't mind," the soprano said gently, and the contralto agreed hastily and gave her earnest attention to the preacher.

"But tell me one thing," the tenor said to the contralto confidentially at choir practice, "how are we going to ask her? Her mother walks home with her after all the services, and she hasn't asked us to call, and she won't talk about secular things in church, and there you are!"

"Is love a secular thing?" the contralto questioned sentimentally.

"She says it is," the tenor stated, "but I think it is divine."

Things came to something of a climax when the soprano's mother was taken sick.

"Now is your chance," said the contralto, all in a flutter, as she leaned toward the tenor.

But the bass was already begging the privilege.

"I had hoped you might let me," the tenor said as he stumbled over two chairs to get to her.

"Why not both of you?" said the soprano. "It's on your way home, and you will be company for each other the rest of the way."

"Oh, the aggravation of her!" grasped the tenor as he went to get his hat, and the bass said things to himself in a dark corner.

The soprano invited them in, and they found her mother sitting up in a big chair, and they had tea and muffins served by the angelic hands of the soprano, who seemed more desirable than ever in this setting of domesticity.

"We might as well meet it like men," the bass told the tenor as they went home afterward. "We both love her, and if we are ever going to get a chance to ask her one of us will have to stay away next Sunday night, and the other one can take her home."

"Well," the tenor agreed, "but how shall we decide who will take her?"

"I'll toss a nickel," said the bass. "Heads I win." And he forthwith flipped one, and it turned up tails.

"Just my luck," said the bass gloomily, "but if you have the good looks I have the brains, and I shall know how to plead my case when the time comes."

The tenor was jubilant.

"I shall have first chance," he said.

When he talked to the contralto on Sunday morning the bass was not sanguine. "The tenor is young and handsome, and I won't be in it."

The contralto comforted him.

"If I had the choosing I should pick you out," she said, and something in her voice made the bass turn and look at her. She had on her new summer hat, and her hair was prettily brown where it had grown out, and there was about her an effect of youth and jauntiness that belied her forty years, and that made the bass, with his weight of forty-five, feel old.

"You are always my good friend," he said and squeezed her hand ever so slightly as he rose to sing a duet with the tenor.

In the solo part the tenor's voice rang out with such a note of triumph that the soprano caught her breath as she heard it. It was as if he sang, "I love, love, love!" and yet the words were sacred. Within the breast of the little soprano something new stirred, something that was touched with the breath of divinity, so that it seemed no sacrilege for her to think of it in church.

"How beautifully he sings!" she said to the contralto, and the contralto agreed, "Yes, dear," but her eyes were on the bass, who now took up the strain.

When the tenor sat down, the soprano whispered in the shelter of the curtain, "How beautifully you sang!"

And the tenor said, "I sang to you," and between them flashed a glance that made the bass groan, and he murmured to the contralto: "The game is up. I have lost. They are talking love in church."

"It's as good a place as any," said the contralto. "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." She wiped her eyes as she said it, and the bass found himself asking:

"Do you really think that young love is as steadfast as the love of old friends?"

"Have you just found that out, Billy?" the contralto questioned.

"You have helped me to find it out," said the bass and squeezed her hand under the hymn book.

And under the hymn book of the soprano the hands of the two young lovers met.

"The beautiful part is that you told me in church," said the soprano, with her blue eyes lighted with divine fire.

"Yes, that is the beautiful part," said the tenor as, regardless of the contralto and the bass, he kissed her beneath the green baize curtain.

A Plea For Enlisting.

No man who will look carefully into the work of the army or of the navy can fail to realize that a career in either branch of our military service is one to which any man may give himself with the fullest devotion and with the highest ideals. Americans, as a rule, know little about the actual work of either of these services, and few realize that when a man enters the service of the army or of the navy, whether as officer or enlisted man, he enters a great school, a school in which is taught not only the discipline of self restraint, of cleanliness, of devotion to duty, but in which are taught also the elements of an education. An enlisted man who enters a regiment of the army, barely able to read and write, comes out, if he be a man of ambition and industry, at the end of three years in possession of the fundamentals of an English education. His officer stands to him not only in the relation of military director, but in the relation also of a teacher and a friend. There is no career open to an American boy, unless it be that of a teacher, which offers a larger opportunity than that of the army or navy officer to minister to the service of men.—President H. S. Pritchett in Atlantic.

The Size of the Sea Horse.

The popular mistaken idea as to the size of the sea horse is a constant source of amusement to the guards at the aquarium. According to them, visitors, after looking at the big sea cow and peering into the tank where the turtles lead a placid life, next begin to hunt around among the inhabitants of the big floor tanks to find the sea horse. They reread all the placards and carefully reinspect all the occupants of the big tanks, then, failing to discover any immense fish which closely resembles a horse, they turn to a guard as a last resort. When they are directed to one of the smaller tanks upstairs and when they learn that this supposed monster of the deep never attains a size of more than ten inches they are amazed enough. The specimens of the sea horse at the aquarium are much below the maximum size, and when seen clinging by their curious prehensile tails to the different objects in the tank look more like little chessmen than anything else.—New York Sun.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

ODD THINGS IN NATURE

Every Known Object, Even Ice, Contains Some Heat.

SOME PARADOXES EXPLAINED

How the Wheels of an Express Train Going Forward at Sixty Miles an Hour Travel Backward at the Rate of Ten Miles an Hour.

In "Paradoxes of Science and Nature" the author, Mr. Hampson, explains the why and wherefore of many things which appear to contradict scientific principle or settled belief.

For example, when a train is going at a rate of sixty miles an hour, what part of it is moving backward? This is no trick, no "sell." The whole train is not going backward, and you are not the innocent goat to be sacrificed upon its rails. The train is going forward at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and yet a portion of that same train is going in a contrary direction at a pretty fair rate of speed. It is not going relatively even; it is actually and literally in a hurry in that direction. You may prove this for yourself with a bicycle. Push its front wheel up against a house wall. Make a chalk mark on the lowest part of the wheel and on the ground immediately beneath it. Back the machine a little from the wall, and when the wheel has moved an inch the marked spot will not appear to have moved at all. As the machine is slowly backed further the first visible movement of the bottom of the wheel is upward from the ground, while it is impossible to see that the marked spot has backed from the wall to the smallest extent. This means that all wheels, traveling at any speed, have a part—the part in immediate contact with the ground—which has no movement at all.

But the wheel of a railroad car has a flange, a portion which juts down below the wheel's point of contact on the rail. That point of contact then becomes a center, the whole wheel passes forward above it, while the flange beneath it passes under it, going backward. That is the part of the wheel that travels in the contrary direction. And by a simple mathematical formula its rate of speed is calculable at about one-sixth of the speed of the axle of the wheel, which represents the forward rate of travel. So that on every express train going sixty miles an hour toward New York there's a portion that is traveling toward Boston its humble ten.

The paradox that sail and ice boats may fly faster than the wind which propels them is obvious and commonplace to the point of boredom. But consider the intelligence of the average billiard ball. Place three balls in a row along the cushion touching each other. Place another ball alongside the cushion, say eight inches from this row. Hit this lightly and smoothly, so that it strikes the row. It will come to rest at once on striking the nearest ball. The nearest ball and the next one to it will also remain stationary, but the third ball will start off from the bunch at precisely the speed of the ball you have struck, and it will quietly move off to the exact distance from the row that you had placed the ball which you struck. The balls will then be in a position exactly the reverse of the one in which you started. The ball you struck with your cue will be the third ball in the row, and the last ball in the original row will be at rest just eight inches away from them. If you had placed two balls eight inches from your row of three, and hit them with your cue so that they struck the row of three, then just two balls would leave the row of three and retire to the eight inch position occupied by your two cue balls. Plainly the billiard ball is smart enough to come in out of the rain. It can count and add and subtract. It probably has its opinion of the people who bet it about the cushions with not nearly so true an instinct for angles and velocities as it has itself.

Hereafter when coal is high we may heat our houses with ice, for ice gives out heat—not much. It would take a large chunk to heat the public library, but it might be done. Everything in nature has some heat, every known object, even ice. Ice is cold to us only because it has much less heat than our bodies. It hasn't much heat, to be sure, but still a little. You may lower its melting point by mixing in some salt. A mixture of water and salt requires 32° degrees of frost to freeze it. Therefore the mixture of ice and salt can be melted by the heat of anything that has a higher temperature than that. Such a thing is pure ice which has been exposed for some time to the air. It remains at freezing, or melting, point, 32 degrees H, or zero on the centigrade scale. At this temperature then it has heat enough to melt a portion of its own substance that has been made more easily meltable by addition of salt. It proceeds to melt a part of itself, devoting a part of its heat energy to this work—that is to say, that having used up some of its heat it has less heat left. And that is further to say that all the while the ice was melting it was growing colder.

We come now to the ice furnace. A large mass of pure ice is contained in a galvanized receptacle, having a flue leading from the top. About this receptacle is placed ice mixed with salt. The salted ice melts. In melting it draws from the pure ice its heat. Our patent flue conducts this heat to all parts of the house. And there is a great saving in coal.

Water may be made serviceable as a fuel. It is no mere reportorial hyperbole to say that the water which the firemen direct upon a fire rather added to the intensity of the conflagration. The heat of the flames instantly disintegrated the water and, converting it into its constituent gases, burned them. Let only some inventive genius set him off to work and apply this principle to the kitchen range, and he shall have fame and fortune and we a cheap and handy substitute for anthracite at $7 a ton.

The soundest of eyes has its blind spot. Anybody can find his own after a short search. On a plain piece of paper place the capital letters R and L some five inches apart, like this:

R L

Now close your left eye, holding it tight with your hand if necessary. Then hold the paper off, say, eighteen inches from the open right eye. Look only at the letter R. But "out of the corner of your eye," as we say, you will catch a glimpse of the letter L. Now, slowly move the paper closer to the eye, keeping that eye peeled on the R all the while. When the paper is about six inches from the eye the L will disappear. You have ceased to see it out of the corner—that is, you have apparently ceased to see it. Move the paper closer yet to your eye, and the L will reappear. It has simply passed the blind spot in your organ of vision.

We hear a great deal about the heartstrings—those famous heartstrings which the theater press agent promises us shall be played upon by his drama. You sit in your seat before the play, turning the leaves of your programme, and you hit upon the announcement of the next attraction. It is sure to say that this powerful attraction will reach the heartstrings. Now, most of us have held those heartstrings to be but a figure of speech. Poor lay fools that we are, we know not that they have a place in physiology and a very large place in everyday life. The heart without heartstrings doesn't work, that's all.

We all know that between the auricle and ventricle are valves. But those wonderful automatic valves are not stout enough in their own tissue to hold back the pressure that the heart imparts to the flow of blood at each of its beats. And nature, with her wonderful provision for everything, has fitted to those valves complete sets of tiny guy wires which stiffen them to their work. Of course they are not of wire; they are tendons, but they do very well, considering the double duty they perform. Go to the Bowdoin square and learn for yourself the extras they are called upon to perform.

Truly harmonious nature has her capricious moments and delights to feint, a paradox, a bit of sport.—Boston Transcript.

The Nonchalant Canton Merchant.

Frequently on entering a Canton shop you will find its owner with a book in one hand and pipe or fan in the other and wholly absorbed in his studies. You will be doomed to disappointment if you expect the smoker to start up at once all smiles and blandness, rubbing his hands together as he makes a shrewd guess as to what he is likely to take out of you and receiving you with obsequiousness or with rudeness accordingly. Quite the reverse. Your presence is apparently unnoticed unless you happen to lift anything. Then you hear that the fan has been arrested and feel that a keen eye is bent on your movements all the while. But it is not until you inquire for some article that the gentleman, now certain that you mean to trade, will rise without bustle from his seat, show you his goods or state the price he means to sell at, with a polite yet careless air which plainly says, "If it suits you, we will make an exchange."—"Through China With a Camera."

The Minutest of Shells.

Among the minute existences upon the face of the globe that have been elevated by means of the microscope into an honored position of independence are the foraminefera, mostly marine atoms inhabiting many chambered cells. At one time they were considered molluscs, at another they were ranked among the infusoria and eventually they were settled comfortably in the subkingdom protozoa. The calcareous shells have in the past formed vast deposits of chalk. They are often today congregated as realms of sand. These animals are not always minute, but generally they are subjects imperatively demanding the lens. An ounce of sand has been known to contain 6,000 of their shells, and in the West Indies the figure once ran into millions. Your object under the naked eye seems to be merely a pinch of brown sand; under the microscope you have a great variety of the loveliest lilliputian shells, representing every variety of form known to the conchologist.

Pampered Dogs.

London veterinaries tell surprising stories about dogs. There was a poodle for which a prime leg of lamb was roasted every day; and there were other pets which, when taken into the custody of the veterinary, were visited every day by their owners in carriages, whose footmen would get down from the box and hand in partridge breasts and other dainties on silver dishes for the sick dog.

Old Noble, Queen Victoria's favorite collie, was often taken in as a patient by one veterinary and found to be suffering from overfeeding. It would frequently eat a whole roast pheasant, and the wonder is that it lived so long.

A veterinary once got a telegram from Oxford to go down instantly and treat a pet dog that had fallen downstairs and broken its leg. But the veterinary had to wire that the last train was gone, whereupon another message came: "Take special." And he did, at a cost of $160.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

BATTLE OF THE WITS

When Artemus Ward and Henry J. Byron First Met.

A TILT IN A LONDON CLUB.

The Famous Humorist Started In to Have Some Fun With the Dramatist, but Found In the End That He Had Met His Match at Chaffing.

What follows relates to the first meeting of the late Henry J. Byron and Artemus Ward. It was at the Savage club in London after one of the Saturday dinners, and Tom Robertson suggested to Artemus to have a tilt with Byron and if possible draw him out. The genial showman had only been in England a few days, but he knew Byron's "matter" and went for him in this fashion:

"I fancy I have seen a face like yours before. Did you ever have a brother Alonzo?" Robertson was behind Artemus and winked at Byron.

"Alas, I had!" replied the dramatist, instantly catching the situation.

"He was a marker, engaged on the deep?"

"That's so."

"You haven't heard of him for five years?"

Byron affected to be lost in reflection and deliberately replied: "It's five years ago this very day. How curious you should mention it, sir!"

"Well, sir," replied Artemus, taking out his handkerchief and pretending to wipe away a tear, "I sailed the salt sea with your brother. We were wrecked together in the gulf of Mexico, and before help came I killed and ate him. The moment I saw you I recognized the likeness. He was a good fellow, full of tender feeling."

"I am glad you found him tender," interrupted Byron, also pulling out his handkerchief.

"But, sir, I am awfully sorry I ate him," said Artemus in the most imperturbable fashion. "Had I known I should ever meet his brother I am sure I'd have gone without food some weeks longer. But I was driven to it, and you will forgive me, won't you? I liked Alonzo," and he offered his hand to Byron, which the latter shook with cordiality.

"Excuse my emotion, won't you?" gasped Byron in his handkerchief. "He never wrote and told me what had become of him. I hope he agreed with you."

"A slight indigestion afterward. He was a little tough," replied Artemus, "but we'll not speak of that. We both suffered. He suffered most. But remember, sir, the law can't touch me now. It was stern necessity, and necessity, as you may have heard, knows no law. But I am willing to pay you damages for the loss. About what would you think a fair compensation?"

"Don't mention it," said Byron, who now thought it time to turn the tables. "I think your name is Ward," said he.

"Yes."

"Artemus Ward?"

"Quite so."

"You had a father?"

"I had."

"He was a Yankee peddler in his own country, was he not? Sold bug pizen and fine tooth combs?"

"You've hit the comb—I mean the nail—on the head."

"He died in the black country of England, did he not?"

"He did."

"Well, I killed him. I know you were his son the moment I laid eyes on you. He was a nice old gentleman, and I made his acquaintance in Staffordshire. He wished to go down a deep coal mine; so did I, and we went down together, had a good time, explored, lunched with the miners, drank more than was good for us and proceeded to return to mother earth's surface. After you have been down a mine you are fond of your mother, I assure you. The prodigal felt nothing to what I experienced. We entered the huge basket and were being slowly drawn toward the mouth of the pit when I saw the old rope was about to snap under the strain. It was a perilous, a horrible, a critical moment. The weight of two men was too great, and your father was a broad, bulky man. Self preservation is the first law of nature. An instant more and we were both lost. We seemed to be about fifty feet from the top.

"I hastily called your father's attention to something—implored him, in fact, to look down the mine. He did so, and as I gently tipped him over he went whirling and crashing down to the bottom. It was rough on him, but I saved myself. I ciphered it out on the instant like this: He is an old man, nearly bald, deaf in one ear, two teeth gone in front, with only a few years to live. I am half his age, strong and healthy, the father of a young family, with a career before me, a comedy to finish for the Haymarket and a burlesque accepted at the Strand. Now, I ask you, under the circumstances, did I not behave nobly?"

"You did, you did!" sobbed Artemus. "I would have acted that way myself."

"I am glad to find you so intelligent. You ate my brother and found him tough, and I ate the assassin of your dear old father," continued Byron, keeping up the farce of pretended emotion. "We are both avenged. Let us draw a veil over the past and never allude to these heartrending incidents again."

"Agreed. We cry quits. Shake!" roared Artemus, extending both hands and dramatically dashing a flood of imaginary tears from his eyes.—London Standard.

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Lodge Directory.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 180, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 47, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
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A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
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W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
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Phoenix, Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
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Churches

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Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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At the Summer School.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1901, by Mary McElwee.

"One, two, three; one, two, three," counted the teacher, taking steps daintily on the tips of her slippered toes.

The class in advanced dancing followed her with more or less precision. At the head of the line Margaret Morton, secure in the proficiency acquired by three years of training in the summer school, flung back her pretty head and smiled at the awkward young man in the opposite row.

At the foot of the line poor little Mary Cobb, teacher in a district school, with ambitions toward a physical directorship in the state normal, struggled with the intricacies of the new steps and blushed and blushed as she felt the eyes of the class upon her.

"One, two, three; one, two, three," counted the teacher again. The music played a little measure, and the pupils, swung across the floor in the mazes of a folk dance.

Most of them did it well, but Mary and the awkward young man hopped up and down, this way and that, and came together at last out of step, out of time, out of everything breathless, discouraged, disheveled.

"It's dreadful!" Mary gasped.

"You are doing it nicely," the painting young man encouraged her.

"Oh, I'm not." The words came with a sob. "I move like a hippopotamus."

"You couldn't." His eyes rested with approval on the delicate, flushed face, the big, soft yellow hair. "You're too—too—" and—graceful." He stammered over the words, as if compliments did not come easily.

"I'm not graceful," she said. "Look at that lovely picture at the head of the line."

Seeing their eyes upon her, Margaret Morton nodded to them, smiling. She was feeling very complacent. Her natty gymnasium suit was of black satin, and her high shoes glistened in the strong light. She liked that little girl at the foot of the line in the white flannel skirt. But the young man

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR AN INTERCHANGE OF ASPIRATIONS.

seemed worth knowing. He had a classic profile and wore his clothes properly.

Margaret glanced across the polished floor.

"Isn't it fine?" she asked as she came up to them.

"You do it so beautifully," Mary murmured.

The Awkward Young Man did not say anything, and Margaret, inclined to coquetry, took three expert steps to the right and then three expert steps to the left. "It's so easy," she declared, with some display of silk stockinged ankles.

"It looks easy when you do it," Mary sighed, "but I am so stupid."

But Margaret held out her hands to the Awkward Young Man. "Let me show you," she offered. "Now," and they danced away together.

For the next fifteen minutes Margaret held the Awkward Young Man at her side, and Mary, practicing forlornly by herself in the corner, watched them and envied the ease with which Margaret talked and laughed and pirouetted in a shimmer of black satin and of copper colored hair.

When the music started, the Awkward Young Man came back to Mary.

"How are you getting along?" he asked, with a smile that lighted his face and made it very attractive.

"I shall never learn," Mary said, "never," and her lip quivered.

"Oh, yes, you will," he said. "I don't believe you are the kind to give up."

"But—Miss Morton does it so beautifully," Mary told him tremulously.

"This is Miss Morton's third year of training in the physical course at the summer school," he reminded her. "She ought to do it beautifully."

And then they struggled on as the teacher counted, interminably:

"One, two, three; one, two, three."

Every day Mary and the Awkward Young Man had a few minutes together. But the minutes were few, for Margaret Morton had taken upon herself the instruction of the Awkward Young Man, and more than once Mary was left to do the steps in her lonely corner.

"Everybody seems to know how but me," she said despairingly, in the third week, to the Awkward Young Man.

"I don't," he assured her.

"But Miss Morton takes such an interest in you."

"I wish she wouldn't," he said moodily.

A light leaped into Mary's eyes.

"I would rather be with you," he added, with a look that changed the world for little Mary.

"One, two, three; one, two, three," counted the teacher, and Mary flew around the room on feet that seemed winged.

"How well you did that!" said the Awkward Young Man as she danced up to him, her cheeks red, eyes like stars, her little figure swaying to the rhythm.

"I don't know how it happened," she laughed. "Oh, let's do it together."

Margaret Morton watched them from the other end of the room, and when in the intricate whirlings of the folk dance, she passed the Awkward Young Man she whispered, "Don't you want to go with me to the lighthouse in the morning?"

"I'm sorry," he stated, "but I have other plans."

And when he passed Mary he asked, "Will you let me take you to the beach after the class tomorrow? We can carry our notebooks and study."

"Oh, it will be lovely," she said, and all the happiness in her heart seemed expressed in her tripping feet, so that the teacher patted her on the shoulder as she came up at the end of the lesson. "You are getting on, Miss Cobb," she said.

The day at the beach, with the waves lapping the sands lazily and the gulls dipping and rising against a sky of sapphire, gave an opportunity for an interchange of aspirations and ideals. Mary told of her plans to teach in the normal, and the Awkward Young Man confessed to an ambition to instruct physically the youths of the Y. M. C. A. of his town.

As the afternoon waned they talked, as young people will, of other things. The Awkward Young Man confessed that it is not good for man to live alone, and Mary admitted femininely that singleness does not fill a woman's life.

But it was not until the next day that the final word was said.

"One, two, three; one, two, three," counted the teacher, and Mary and the Awkward Young Man would lie and go and in and out and came carefully and correctly through the first difficult figure.

"How well we did that!" Mary said as they stopped at the other end of the room.

Her laughs were still in his. He drew her slightly toward him. "If we might be together always," he whispered.

Margaret Morton was watching them as she stood in one of the other sets of the room.

[illegible] and hesitantly, but looking for [illegible] in his [illegible]

"I shall never let you go," he declared, with a candor of expression as [illegible] began again, and he was dancing with Mary the [illegible] figure of the folk dance.

Success Out of Failure.

"When you are abroad," said a journalist, "you will find in your English newspaper that every telegraphic report is credited to Reuter's agency. Reuter supplies all the telegraphic news over there, as the Associated Press supplies it over here.

"Now, listen to this story.

"Werner von Siemens, a German electrical engineer, was commissioned in 1850 to lay the first telegraph line between Verviers and Cologne. While he was laying this cable a pretty woman came to him and besought him to desist. The telegraph, she said, with tears in her fine eyes, would ruin her husband's business and reduce him to penury. His business was the conduct of a huge and successful pigeon post between Brussels and Aix-la-Chapelle.

"Siemens advised the young woman's husband to convert his pigeons into pie and to go to London and start a news agency there. He would give him, he said, valuable introductions.

"The man went to London and started a news agency. His name was Reuter. In a few short years, so successful was his new line of work, he had become a baron and a millionaire.

"So, when you see Reuter's name a dozen times in every English newspaper, think of his ruined pigeon post and take to heart the lesson that new inventions do not harm, but help, those who have intelligence, industry and a pretty wife."—Duluth Herald.

Death Touched Debtors.

Of course the man didn't look at it that way, but his bereavement was really a source of financial gain. It was a son who died, a boy of thirteen. He was killed in a street accident. The fatality touched the public heart strangely. He had been a popular boy, and his death aroused the sympathy of the neighbors for blocks around. The father was a small tradesman, who went on the principle that all mankind was honest. He trusted right and left. He had become creditor to two-thirds of the people in the neighborhood. Many of those debtors were shrewd who, either because of financial disability or naturally dishonest propensities, probably had no intention of ever paying up, but with the news of the lad's death all experienced a change of heart. When the shop reopened after the funeral, the dazed proprietor entertained a stream of callers.

"I am so sorry," they said, one and all. Then they added, half sheepishly, "I owe you so and so," and plunked down the money.

In some cases the shopkeeper got money that had been due more than a year, and he piled up dollars in cash that, only for the sympathy called forth by his bereavement, would have been a dead loss.—New York Press.

AN ITALIAN BALL GAME.

A Picturesque Country in Pallone Seen in No Other Game.

Pallone is the king of ball games, requiring not merely great strength and alertness in the player, but offering also such a succession of noble plastic poses as may be seen in no other game. Goethe, who saw the first match with delight at Verona in September, 1786, wrote that such attitudes were "worthy of being put into marble." Our more enlightened archaeology would probably declare for the nobler bronze if the pundits could be persuaded to follow Goethe and occasionally exchange the library for the pallone court.

Be that as it may, the gist of the game is almost as readily grasped as its statuesque beauty. Pallone is merely the perfected and titanic form of the jeu de paume that is played from end to end of Europe. You see it in its lowliness when two urchins with tambourines beat a rubber ball to and fro in the open up against a side wall. In spain the thing is done with a wicker racket in a court and is called jai-alai. But pallone, the ancient game, which is the parent of tennis, rackets and half a dozen other ball games, is as far superior to its rudimentary forms as baseball is to rounders.

One look at the big ball, the pallone itself, would convince you that here is a sport for men, if not for giants. The pallone looks like a huge baseball, but has twice the diameter and weighs two pounds or a pound. I have seen the like in Columbia county, N. Y., where years ago, the old Dutch game of wicket was played. Imagine a twelve pound shell or an enlarged croquet ball soaring from end to end of a 300 foot court or, ricochetting treacherously off the side wall as the agile players drive this or that turn of the bewitching wooden cestus. This ball is as noteworthy as the ball. A wood-en cylinder about eight inches long and six in diameter, with an outer array of inserted wooden spikes and an interior cross grip—such is the pallone of hand such is the arm piece or pericolito. It is so heavy, weighing at least four pounds, that one may rather say it sways the player than he it. Once it swings at the hurtling ball, the whole body must follow the weapon; hence the remarkable plastic quality of all the attitudes of play. And the contestants are dressed in a fashion to give value to these momentary poses. A trim jacket, the right sleeve short, tight knickerbockers, stockings and canvas slippers all spotless white, make up a costume that admits a touch of color only in the gold fringed sash—a bit of an admirer, generally which marks the player as belonging to the reds and blues. Betting to the grandstand it is not a comfortable think to wear. At every game the players get it sharply against the wall to give the hardened wrist bone and they often breathe in the hot sand with exposed knuckles in a vain attempt to cool them.—Frank L. Mather in Century.

The Triumph of Titus.

The total number of those who perished in the siege and capture of Jerusalem is estimated by Josephus at 1,100,000 persons. 97,000 were taken captive by the Romans. Of these 700 of the finest and strongest were selected to grace the triumphal procession of Titus. The old and the weak, who could not be used, the Romans had butchered in cold blood. Those over seventeen years of age, were part of them sent into the Egyptian mines, part of them forced to appear in battle with wild beasts and be torn to pieces by them or to fight as gladiators with one another to delight the eyes of the heathen populace. To Caesarea Philippi alone, at the celebration of the birthday of Agrippa, more than 2,500 Jews shed their blood in the arena. The males under seventeen years of age and the women were sold directly into slavery. Titus, with all his prisoners and all his booty, marched to Rome, where he had a brilliant triumph in the year 71 A. D. The sacred vessels of the temple were carried before the emperor, and Simon and John, for the first time shoulder to shoulder, were obliged to march before the chariot of the victor, with the 700 chosen captives. Simon, being the real leader, was first scourged and then throttled at the stake, in accordance with Roman custom. John finished his career in prison.

A Magnolia Elysium.

When good Charlestonians die, their bodies, it is said, go to Magnolia cemetery and their souls to the Magnolia gardens. Indeed, it were quite excusable in a wandering spirit if, chancing on these gardens when the azaleas were in their radiant perfection, he should mistake the place for Elysium, especially if looking for such a gardenlike Elysium as Herrick's. Although widely known and visited yearly by hundreds, Magnolia is not a public garden, but a noble old estate on the Ashley river, belonging now, as it has belonged for 200 years, to the Drayton family of South Carolina. Very much as the folk of Tokyo go out to worship the beauty of the cherry blossoms, so in March and April Charleston people and any strangers fortunate enough to be within their gates make a pilgrimage to Magnolia. During the season the little steamer plies between Charleston and Magnolia, making the trip twice daily.—Francis Duncan in Century.

Horse Sense.

Mr. Jogtrot—I don't want this horse. He hasn't any sense at all. Every time he sees an automobile he wants to climb a tree. Dealer—Well, that's good horse sense, it seems to me.—Chicago News.

Pinoules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired worn out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwicks Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The MOUTHS OF BABES.

By TROY ALLISON.

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"I'd like to come over there," said a small feminine voice somewhere from the neighborhood of the hedge-row.

Drayton, sitting on his garden bench with a newspaper and a cigar, turned toward the hedge that separated the two gardens and located his visitor. She was evidently standing on something high enough to enable her to overlook the adjoining territory.

Drayton went over to the hedge and looked down into some exceedingly blue eyes, surrounded by a fluff of yellow hair, surmounted by a still fluffier blue bow.

"Hello!" he said, looking down from his six foot height. "Where did you come from?"

"Over upon here often and peeped through," she admitted. "But me over," she commanded in the tone of one accustomed to being obeyed, lighting out her arms.

He lifted her over to his side of the hedge, and she ran directly to his rustic seat.

"I'm not prepared to entertain ladies." He stood with his hands in his pockets and smiled into her upturned face. "What can I offer you, madam?"

"I'll take chocolate, please." She settled her skirt over her chubby little legs and smiled back ingratiatingly.

Drayton looked dubious.

"Er—I'm sorry to say the chocolate is all out. Wouldn't grapes do?" he suggested.

"Yes, I guess they will do very nicely, thank you." And Drayton imagined she was foolishly giving a very good imitation of her grandfather's manner.

When he returned from the house with a bunch of grapes and a large peach he found that she had filled her lap with his choicest roses and was hugging them to her face.

"I'm going to live here always. I'm going to adopt you," she announced.

Drayton, thirty-six and a bachelor, actually felt his face turn red.

"For—when?" he asked feebly.

"Just as soon as you can get the lawyers done."

"Of course, of course, anything you say, but what might be the name of my future wife?"

"Louise. It's mamma's name too."

It would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, Drayton pondered, and my house little girl. It's full of pipes and flues."

"I could stay out in the dark, with the pipes and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rains," she suggested.

"That would certainly be unique. I see you would be able to play things like a real housewife should, but do you think you could stand the pipes?"

"You could keep all our pipes in one room and I could have a little blue and white room that not have any pipes, could I? I never have any pipes in my room."

"That's the scheme. We'll plan that blue and white room right away," he agreed heartily.

His housekeeper was surprised when the paperhangers came next day and did the south room in blue. She was still more surprised, when the van drove up with all the furnishings for a dainty little bedroom. She felt hurt, considering how long she had been in his service, it was a special slight for Drayton not to tell her, first of all, that he intended to be married.

But Drayton, following a whim, was fitting up the room according to the child's fancy.

Late one afternoon she strolled down the garden path and found little Louise waiting for him to lift her over the hedge.

"Your blue room is all finished, little wife," he said, tossing her in the air, to her great delight. "It's ready for you to look at. I told the housekeeper a young lady was going to visit her this afternoon."

"Are there blue roses on the wall?" she asked eagerly.

"Bushels of them—and little white frilly curtains, and a dear little white bed—full fairy tale pictures on the wall."

"Oo—oo—but I certainly do love you." She clung to his fingers as they walked toward the house. "Did you get the Sleeping Beauty picture?"

"Yes—and Princess Goldilocks—it's a grand room, all right."

"Well, I'll marry you the first thing tomorrow, and nurse can send over all my dolls and things."

"Isn't this rather—sudden? Perhaps your mother would prefer your waiting until you are a week or so older?"

"No, indeed," airily. "Mamma lets me do anything I want—that is, most anything."

"But she'll miss you, and your papa will miss you."

"Oh, didn't you know? I haven't had any papa for a long time—most 'loven years, nearly."

Drayton took in the five-year-old dignity of her in an amused glance.

"But if you haven't any papa I'm sure your mamma will get very lonely if you marry so young."

"But I'm going to bring her over here to live, too—and nurse, and doggie, and my canary, and my white kitty."

"Joye! I'll have to add a wing to the house, sure as we're living! I'm afraid, little one, we'll have to postpone our marriage until I can have a few more rooms built. You'll not mind, will you, sweetheart?"

"Not if you bring me some more caramels like the ones you brought me yesterday," seriously.

She was silent a moment, evidently evolving a new thought.

"I have such a lovely plan" she gurgled. "I've decided not to be your wife. I'd rather have a favver. It's been such a long time since I had my favver."

Drayton caught her up in his arms. "Sweetheart, you are the dearest little girl a father ever had," and his eyes were moist.

When the room had been admired, and the picture of Princess Goldilocks kissed fervently, and the housekeeper had given her a cream puff, they went back to the garden.

A slender girl in the other garden ran to the dividing hedge.

"Oh, Louise, mamma has been so very uneasy about you! Where have you been, dearie?"

"I'm afraid it's my fault," Drayton said contritely. "I took her to look at some pictures, and we forgot the time."

The child held on to his fingers fondly. "Oh, mamma, this is my new papa. You are going to marry him at once, and we are going to live in his house. You know you said his garden was ever so much prettier than ours."

The woman's face, vivid crimson, looked into the embarrassed face of her neighbor. Finally a twinkle came into her eyes, and a dimple wavered near the corner of her mouth.

He saw the twinkle and thought it and the dimple the most fascinating combination he had ever seen.

"I'd be glad to come over and arrange the details with you at your earliest convenience," he suggested audaciously.

"Mamma, do marry him, please—please," begged the child. "Mamma, he'll bring you lovely caramels."

"Will you, really?" the mother laughed.

"Pounds of 'em," emphatically. "May I come over soon and get acquainted?" he begged.

She looked at his well cut features and saw the frank admiration in his eyes.

"I—yes, I suppose so, Mr. Drayton. You see I know your sister."

"Then I'm coming over this evening and sit on your front porch. If you know my sister, you'll be greatly lacking in hospitality if you don't let me call."

"I would hate to seem inhospitable." There was a note of shyness in her voice.

He reached over the hedge and put the child in her mother's arms. She put her plump little arms around his neck in an ecstasy of affection.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Good-by, baby," he called after her, and as the mother went toward the house by the glowing twilight she was conscious of the scent of the roses in the air and that in her heart there was a shy new feeling, warm and tender.

Longest Year on Record.

The year 1901, by order of Julius Caesar, the then regnant Roman emperor, contained 445 days. To clear away all the confusion which had previously existed in reconciling the lunar with the solar year, Caesar, with the help of Sosigenes, an Alexandrian astronomer, undertook a thorough reform of the calendar. He effected it by making the year now called B. C., "the year of confusion," consist of 445 days and the succeeding years of 365 days, with the exception of every fourth year, which was to consist of 366. This method is called the Julian calendar.

The number of days in the months from January to December before Caesar's time had been respectively 29, 28, 31, 29, 31, 29, 29, 31, 29, 29. These numbers Caesar changed to 31 and 30 alternately, with the exception of February, which was to have 29 in ordinary years and 30 in leap years. In honor of himself he changed to July the name of the month that followed June. The pontiffs in applying the Julian calendar went wrong by inserting leap year every three years instead of every four years, and this continued till the year now called 8 B. C., when the Emperor Augustus ordained there should be no leap year for twelve years, which made leap year occur in A. D. At the same time Augustus gave his own name to the month following July, adding one day to it, which he took away from February.

Character in the Eyebrows.

An arched eyebrow does not indicate the highest order of intelligence, but is expressive of great sensibility. Scant growth of the eyebrows denotes lack of vitality. On the contrary, heavy, thick eyebrows indicate a strong constitution and great physical endurance. They are not beautiful on a woman's face, however much they may signify either mental or bodily vigor, and when they are not only heavy, but droop and meet at the nose, they are disagreeable and are said to accompany an insincere and prying nature. A long, drooping eyebrow, lying wide apart, indicate an amiable disposition. Where the eyebrows are lighter in color than the hair the indications are lack of vitality and great sensitiveness.

Faintly defined eyebrows placed high above the nose are signs of indolence and weakness. Very black eyebrows give the face an intense and searching expression. When natural, they accompany a passionate temperament. Very light eyebrows rarely are seen on strongly intellectual faces, although the color of the eyebrows is not accepted simply as denoting lack of intelligence. The form gives the key to the faculties and their direction. Red eyebrows denote great fervor and ambition; brown, a medium between the red and black.—Exchange.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles and its action is positive and certain. Itching painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

SOUND SIGNALS.

Their Unreliability Under Certain Atmospheric Conditions.

At practically every lighthouse of importance on the coasts of this country is some sort of signaling apparatus to be used when weather conditions prevent the lights from being seen. Sometimes it is a bell, sometimes a whistle, sometimes a Daboll trumpet, sometimes a steam siren. The idea is to make a noise which will be heard where ordinarily the light would be seen, to give the mariner warning which a fog prevents the light from giving. Of course, in the case of a first order light, which may be seen twenty miles, the signal is, in part, a failure, only the best and most favorable of conditions carrying a siren sound so far. The signals, of course, have certain characteristics to prevent the hearer from mistaking one signal for another.

At certain times, in certain weathers, and more particularly in certain localities, these sound signals behave as far as their hearers are concerned in a most erratic manner. In some cases the lighthouse board gets indignant complaints that on a certain date a certain fog signal was silent when it should have sounded. Investigation shows that the signal was sounding at the time, but was, for some inexplicable reason, inaudible to the very ship it was meant to reach. Naturally, such instances have been very carefully investigated, and certain facts have come to light as a result.

It has been found that sound, like light, is sometimes affected by atmospheric conditions and that it will skip about in a most bewildering way. Thus, a fog signal may be heard with out splitting force a mile from its source and two yards further on may disappear entirely. Yet another 500 yards and it again sounds as strongly as before. The theory in such a case as this is that the sound hits the water and is echoed back from it into the air to return in a curve of more or less magnitude and again strike the water. The sound in other words skips like a stone skillfully thrown in to the water, the points of audibility corresponding to the places the water is hit and the areas of silence to the flights of the stone.

This is a simple case. In others the sound forms a circle, a ring of audibility, outside of which there is all silence and inside of which nothing in the nature of a signal can be heard. And to make the matter more puzzling the conditions sometimes do not appear and the signal acts as it should, while at other and more frequent times it takes these freaks and fills in the purpose.

As yet no laws have been deduced to govern the inexplicable.—Youth's Companion.

Severe Rebuke.

Constable, the famous painter, once gave a remarkable instance of the severity of his sarcasm, if severity anything could be called. The story was told by Julian Charles Young, whose uncle had witnessed the incident.

He called on Constable one day and was received by him in his front room. After half an hour's chat the artist proposed to repair to the back room to show him a large picture on which he was engaged. On walking up to it he found that one of his little boys in his absence had dashed the handle of the hearth broom through the canvas and made so large a hole in it as to render its restoration impossible. He called the child up to him and asked him gently if he had done it. When the boy admitted the act Constable took him on his knee and rebuked him in these unmeasured terms:

"Oh, my dear boy! You might have done! Dear, dear! What shall we do to mend it? I can't think—can you?"

Dublin Castle.

The name of Dublin castle is more formidable than its appearance. When it was built in the thirteenth century it was, doubtless, with its four great towers and its deep moat, a thing of beauty compared with the present miscellaneous welter of buildings gathered round two ugly squares. Supposed to have been begun by a grandson of Henry I., Meyler Fitz Henry, it was completed by Henry De Loundres in 1223. In those days the days of its life as a real castle defending a city—a river ran past the building. The Poddle still runs, but it keeps its obscure course under the pavement of the lower castle yard. It was not until well into the reign of Elizabeth that the castle was first used as the official residence of the lord lieutenant, then described as the "lord deputy." Although it has ever since retained that exalted function, Dublin castle was so neglected about two centuries ago as to need rebuilding. Very little of the original structure remains.—Dundee Advertiser.

Had Confidence in Him.

"Mind, now," said the judge, "you are sworn to tell the truth, and if you do not the penitentiary will be your portion."

The man took the oath and then whispered to his friend:

"John, I'm feared it's all up with you. The judge says I've got to tell the truth."

"That's all right, Jim," said his friend, with confidence. "I ain't a-worryin' 'bout that, kaze you can't do it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Getting Down to Particulars.

Mrs. Slimson—Shall I read you a animal story, Willie?

Willie—With or without?

"With or without what?"

"Affidavits."—New York Life.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Fa
$1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe

Clermont Items.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eriauson are visiting in Wilcox.

Harry Mott and family drove to Ruscina Sunday.

John McConaghy is the guest of his cousins the Misses Keating.

Dan Farr accompanied by his little daughter Julia enjoyed a trip to Hamlin Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. Perkins of Colegrove spent Wednesday among their numerous friends of this place.

Mrs. Oscar Lefquest and little son Albert, are visiting Miss Martha Lefquest of Bradford.

Mrs. Adam Hafner and daughter Christiana of Armstrong Co. are visiting relatives and friends in Clermont and vicinity.

Hatty and Henry Miller of Smethport were the guests of their aunt Mrs. Andrew Anderson several day last week.

Miss Hazel McAllister of Colegrove visited her friend, Miss Marion Hafner, Thursday of last week.

Mrs. M. Callahan accompanied by Miss Blanche Jones and little sister Mildred spent Friday in Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Creaton were called to St. Marys Wednesday on account of the serious illness of their son of that place.

Peter Bouschon of Canadea N. Y., who is off on a two weeks' vacation, was shaking hands with old acquaintances on our street Friday.

Little Hazel and Gladys Wisner of Olean came here to enjoy the Sunday School picnic and see their many friends.

The Social under the auspices of the Ladies Aid was a decided success. The proceeds amounting in the neighborhood of $25.

Mrs. Chittester and children, Frank and Ruby, have returned to their home in the Buckeye state after spending several weeks with her sister Mrs. John Allison of this place.

B. Jacobson, one of our most enterprising merchants is on his annual trip to New York purchasing his Fall stock. The store is ably looked after by his daughters, the Misses Jennie and Dora, during his absence.

Fred Beaver, the genial P. S. & N. agent, has gone to Smethport to relieve the agent of that place for a couple of weeks. Mr. Miller is holding down the chair during his absence.

The M. E. Sunday School of this place and Colegrove held their annual outing in the beautiful Anderson Grove Aug. 21st. The little folks spent the day in playing games, singing songs and enjoying the swings. All came home tired but happy.

I will mail you free, to prove the 3 samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia the heart or the kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is directing the result of some ailment and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoops Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves". Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop's Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 24, 1907:

Mrs. Leslie Harrigan, Hugh Hopkins, Edward Lampman, Harvey McCall, Charlotte Nelson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinex'ed Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price, 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

This college has recently taken a new place among the colleges of the country. Within five years, six new buildings have been erected, new professors added and entering classes nearly doubled. Good traditions, strong faculty, superb location, beautiful grounds and buildings, reasonable expenses. Fall term opens September 17th. Write for catalogue to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dodds Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Pratt's.

Yarns, tops and embroideries for boys, girls.

Last year's record—Every out of city graduate located in a satisfactory position. We can place you. Write for "THE PROOF."

The 67th year Hand Book of the foremost Business Training School mailed upon request.

Duff's College

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that James A. McKean, administrator of the estate of Reverend Patrick Cosgrove, late of Smethport, Pa., deceased, will expose at public sale at his residence, Main street, in the borough of Smethport on Saturday, September 7, 1907, at eleven o'clock, a. m., a quantity of books, including a full set of the Encyclopedia Americana, and a lady's gold watch. An examination of the goods to be sold may be made at any time on the day of the sale. Terms cash.

JAMES A. McKEAN, Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., August 28, 1907.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE BUFFALO IN ALL HER GLORY

SEPTEMBER 1-8 INCLUSIVE—A Week of Burning Splendor

Grand Colonade and Court of Honor over a mile long, gorgeously illuminated with colored electric lights in festoons and floral designs

THE AUTHENTIC PROGRAM

MONDAY—LABOR DAY.

Sunrise—Salute, 100 guns, at the parks—Front, Delaware, South, Humboldt and Riverside.

9 a. m.—Trades and industrial parade.

10 a. m.—Special free exhibition, celebrated pictures loaned for the occasion—Albright Art Gallery.

11 a. m.—Flight of 2,000 pigeons, McKinley Monument.

11:30 a. m.—Stuart in high tight-wire contortion act, Main street.

12 m.—Chimes, St. Paul's Episcopal church.

12:30 p. m.—Chimes, St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral.

2 p. m.—Athletic games, Kenilworth Park.

2 p. m.—Finish of the Launch Club race, Port Colborne to Buffalo harbor, foot of Michigan street.

2:30 p. m.—Rowing Regatta, Buffalo harbor, foot of Michigan street.

4 to 6 p. m.—Teas—Working Boys' Home, Niagara Square; Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Niagara Square; Women Teachers' Association, Chapter House, Johnson's Park; Nurses' Association, No. 147 Niagara street; International Sunshine Society, The Kenger, No. 75 Niagara street; Women's Relief Corps, Chapin Post, G. A. R. Rooms, Convention Hall.

4 p. m.—Finish of Yacht Club race, Port Colburne to Buffalo harbor, foot of Michigan street.

4 p. m.—Tennis and golf tournaments, Park Club.

4 p. m.—Polo, Country Club, band concert at The Front.

4:30 p. m.—Stuart in high tight-wire contortion act, Main street.

5 p. m.—Presentation to the city of the Verdi monument by the Italian Societies, Niagara, Morgan and Mohawk streets.

8:30 p. m.—Organ recital, Convention Hall.

9:30 p. m.—Fireworks, circus grounds, Ferry street.

TUESDAY—FIREMEN'S DAY.

9 a. m.—All steam whistles blowing for ten minutes to open the day's carnival.

10 a. m.—Special free exhibition, celebrated paintings, loaned for the occasion, Albright Art Gallery.

11:30 a. m.—Stuart in high tight-wire contortion act, Main street.

12 m.—Chimes, St. Paul's Episcopal church.

12:30 p. m.—Chimes, St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral.

2 p. m.—Parade, Buffalo Fire Department and uniformed volunteer firemen.

3 p. m.—Tennis and golf tournament, Park Club.

4 p. m.—Band concert, Lafayette Square.

4 p. m.—Band concert, Shelton Square.

4:30 p. m.—Stuart in high tight-wire contortion act, Main street.

8 p. m.—Electric illuminated automobile pageant.

8 p. m.—Band concert, Lafayette Square.

8 p. m.—Band concert, Shelton Square.

WEDNESDAY—CANADIAN DAY.

9 a. m.—All bells of Buffalo ringing in one accord for ten minutes.

10 a. m.—Special free exhibition, celebrated paintings, loaned for the occasion, Albright Art Gallery.

11 a. m.—Lacrosse game, The Front, Tecumseh Club of Toronto vs. Buffalo.

1 p. m.—Reception of prominent Canadians by the Mayor of the city of Buffalo and Citizens' Reception Committee, Iroquois Hotel.

2 p. m.—Parade of Canadian troops.

3 to 5 p. m.—Musicale, Buffalo Nurses' Club, No. 147 Niagara street.

3:30 p. m.—Motor and Launch Club race, Niagara river, Bedell course.

4 p. m.—Women's Auxiliary, grand reception for distinguished guests, Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Niagara Square.

4:30 p. m.—Stuart in high tight-wire contortion act, Main street.

8 p. m.—Grotesque parade, magnificent spectacular display.

THURSDAY—McKINLEY DAY.

10 a. m.—Reception of invited guests by the Mayor and Citizens' Committee, Iroquois Hotel.

10 a. m.—Special free exhibition, celebrated paintings, loaned for the occasion, Albright Art Gallery.

10:30 a. m.—Garden Theater—Addresses, the Hon. Horace Boies, former Governor of Iowa; Mrs. Donald McLean, president General of the Daughters of the American Revolution; subject, "Patriotism." Mrs. Alfred G. Hanenstein; subject, "Old Home Week."

11:30 a. m.—Stuart in high tight-wire contortion act, Main street.

2 p. m.—Flight of 2,000 pigeons, McKinley Monument.

2 p. m.—Dedication of the McKinley Monument, United States troops, fourth brigade, National Guard; Canadian regiments, Grand Army of the Republic, Spanish-American War Veterans, escorting the Hon. Charles E. Hughes, the Governor of the State of New York, and the McKinley Monument Committee to Niagara Square, where the ceremonies will take place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

4 p. m.—Tennis and golf tournaments, Park Club.

4:30 p. m.—Stuart in high tight-wire contortion act, Main street.

8 p. m.—Ball for young folks, Working Boys' Home.

8 p. m.—Reception for Gov. Hughes, Saturn Club.

8 p. m.—Reception and ball, colored people of Buffalo and their guests, Cuty Convention Hall.

9:30 p. m.—Night run of the Buffalo Fire Department.

9:30 p. m.—Fireworks, Delaware Park.

FRIDAY—BUFFALO FRATERNAL AND IRISH DAY.

9 a. m.—All Buffalo steam whistles blowing and all bells ringing commence the day.

10 a. m.—Special free exhibition, celebrated paintings, loaned for the occasion, Albright Art Gallery.

11:30 a. m.—Stuart in high tight wire contortion act, Main Street.

12 m.—Chimes, St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

12:30 p. m.—Chimes, St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral.

1 p. m.—Trolley party for Mrs. Donald McLean to Niagara Falls and down the gorge.

2 p. m. until midnight—Open House at A. O. H. Hall, northwest corner of Main and Mohawk streets, for the Irish people of Buffalo and a "Cead Mile Failtne" to all visiting Irishmen and their guests and friends.

2 p. m.—Finals of tennis and golf tournaments, Park Club.

3 p. m.—Reunion of the 100th and 116th regiments at Riverside Park, Niagara Street car.

4:30 p. m.—Stuart in high tight-wire contortion act, Main Street.

7 p. m.—Grand concert, A. O. H. Band, Main and Mohawk Streets.

8 p. m.—Grand parade of all fraternal societies of Buffalo and the A. O. H. of Depew, Dunkirk, Lockport, Niagara Falls and Westfield.

9:30 p. m.—Public entertainment and reception, all Irishmen and their friends are cordially invited to attend A. O. H. Hall, Main and Mohawk streets.

SATURDAY—CHILDREN'S DAY.

9 a. m.—Parade, public and parochial schools, grand pageant, illustrating the history of America from the landing of Columbus to the present day, 15,000 school children in costume, marching and in floats.

10 a. m.—Special free exhibition, celebrated paintings, loaned for the occasion, Albright Art Gallery.

11 a. m.—Flight of 2,000 pigeons, McKinley Monument.

11:30 a. m.—Stuart in high tight wire contortion act, Main Street.

12 m.—Chimes, St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

12:30 p. m.—Chimes, St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral.

2 p. m.—Parade, all German societies, German afternoon and evening, Teutonia Park, Deutsches Fest. Addresses by prominent Germans of Buffalo, music, singing and Gemuethlichkeit.

3:30 p. m.—Motor and Launch Club races, Tecumseh Club.

4 p. m.—Band concert, Lafayette Square.

4:30 p. m.—Stuart in high tight-wire contortion act, Main Street.

8 p. m.—Band concerts, Lafayette Square, Shelton Square, The Front and Teutonia Park.

CHURCH DAY.

Sunday morning, special out Home Week services at all churches.

Afternoon—City Convention Hall 3:30 p. m., chair, the Rev. R. V. Hunter, organ prelude, prayer, the Rev. E. E. Helmes, song, Torty-Birler choir (400 voices.

LOW RATES ON ALL RAILROADS

We Refund the Railroad Fares of Out-of-Town Customers

Under the Rules of the Retail Merchants' Association.

BUFFALO — You Pay Less Here — **The Sweeney Co.** — BUFFALO

You're Invited Here for Old Home Week, Sept. 1-7

PLAN to spend at least a part of Old Home Week (Sept 1-7) in Buffalo, and make this store your home during each day. There is every convenience here for your comfort—resting, reading and writing rooms, free checking of parcels, sub postoffice, long distance telephones, information bureau, telegraph calls and, with all, perfect safety and courteous treatment.

THE restaurant, on the fifth floor, around the grand central rotunda, is where you will most enjoy eating. Prompt, careful service and an a la carte menu which permits you to select a light lunch or a hearty dinner as you prefer, and at very moderate cost.

THIS vast metropolitan store, with seventy-five completely equipped departments, is the ideal place to supply every want for wear, for the home and for the table.

OLD HOME WEEK will find every stock at its very best. Complete displays of autumn and winter merchandise throughout the store with many specially planned sales that alone are well worth the trip here.

HANDSOME showing of modish fall ready-for-service apparel and style-favored millinery marked at prices that guarantee you a clear saving of fully one-third.

THIS modern department store is splendidly ready to give you a hearty welcome Old Home Week—COME!

Free delivery—We deliver free purchases amounting to $5 or more to your nearest railroad station if you live within 100 miles of Buffalo.

Mail orders—a perfectly equipped mail order department is at your service here with every facility for filling mail orders just as satisfactorily as if you were to make selections in person.

Samples—we count it a pleasure to fill mail order requests for samples. Make your requests as specific as possible, stating color desired and about the price you wish to pay.

EXTRA—free souvenir postals—We send to residents of the districts adjoining Buffalo, from time to time, advance notice of special sales and extraordinary bargain events. If you wish to have your name added to our mailing lists—of course without expense to you—send us your name and address, together with any of your friends and neighbors you choose, and we will acknowledge receipt of your communication by a pictorial souvenir postal card of the store which you will be glad to add to your collection.

SEE WHAT'S HERE!

The New Suits for Fall have come.

They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early; you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.—

BRADFORD, PA.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY IN THE

Grange National Bank of McKean County, at SMETHPORT,

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination.

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By concealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good reliable bank.

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

Lock Haven, Pa.

J. R. Flickinger, Prin.

Fall Term Begins September 9, 1907.

If you are interested in securing the best possible training for teaching or for business or desire to fit for college, or are seeking and excellent course in Music, Elocution or Art, it would be to your advantage to patronize this reputable and thoroughly established institution. Its policy is to train not only the intellectual faculties but to develop character and to fit for life's duties. address for illustrated catalog.

The Principal.

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by B. W. Hilton, H. W. Rubin, Robert Ebner, M. P. Straight and G. B. Mayo to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto for the charter for a intended corporation to be called Smethport Chemical Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing and marketing acetate of lime, wood alcohol, charcoal and other products of wood from distillation, and for those purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

E. B. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.
August 21, 1907.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James Landrigan, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of James Landrigan, late of the township of Annin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

O. D. UNDERWOOD, Administrator.
Coryville, Penna., August 16th, 1907.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Mechanic's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. Jesse Pennock.
Hamlin & Fouract
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. E. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Theodore H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

H. P. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1908. Office No. 157 Main street Bradford, Pa. Telephone 424.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Leimbler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Henninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 31 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. K. M. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

DR. PIERCE
TREATS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.
100 Main St. BRADFORD, PA
Over Fischer's Grocery.

C. McCOLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 106 W. King St.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Props.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. A. BURDICK
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